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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the London Times.

COLONIAL SLAVERY.

The French Cabinet sustained another check in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday. The debate on colonial Slavery did not admit of the process of suffocation which the Ministry endeavoured to apply to it. The shocking disclosures made in the speeches of MM. de Lasteyrie and Ledru-Rollin, literally spread horror through the Assembly, and at length made the Ministry feel that the only safe course was to yield to the result of the unanimous burst of indignation to which the Chamber gave utterance. It will be recollected that the debate took place upon petitions against colonial Slavery, bearing 11,000 signatures. It was proposed by the opposition to refer these petitions to the consideration of the President of the Council and the colonial Minister; this the Cabinet opposed through the colonial Minister, who insisted on passing to the order of the day. Towards the close of the debate, however, the revelations made by the advocates of the petitioners, produced an explosion of feeling, and M. Guizot himself exclaimed from his seat that they would no longer oppose the proposition. At the suggestion of M. Dupin, the petitions were referred also to the Minister of Justice, which was intended as a rebuke to the insufficiency of the colonial Minister. The desire of the French nation to accomplish the abolition of Slavery led to the adoption of a law in July, 1845, intended as the forerunner of that object. This project provided for the establishment of free workshops, the granting one day a week to the slaves, to enable them, by their industry, to purchase their freedom, the limitation of the hours of labour, the encouragement of marriage, and the promotion of education. The instruments by which these several provisions were to receive effect, were the colonial magistracy and the slave-owners themselves, who also constituted the majority of the former body. The practical effect has been that the law has become a dead letter, all its provisions being utterly abortive, and the condition of the slaves, physical and moral, being worse than ever. There is, in fact, no administration of justice where a remedy is sought by a slave against his proprietor. The tribunals are composed of a majority of slave-owners, and if there be a few individuals in the minority disposed to administer justice, they are overruled by public opinion in the colony. To such a scandalous pitch has the flagrant defiance of every principle of justice in the conduct of these tribunals been carried, that in some instances, where they have pronounced an acquittal, or a nominal punishment against delinquent proprietors, the atrocity of the criminal has been so great, that the colonial Governor has felt compelled to exercise a discretion with which he is invested, by exiling the offender from the colony. We know not in what terms to impart to the English public an adequate notion of the crimes perpetrated by masters against slaves disclosed in this debate, crimes which we believe have no designation in the vocabulary of criminal jurisprudence. We can only select one or two of the many instances given by M. Ledru-Rollin, and M. de Lasteyrie.

We have already mentioned that the murder of a slave by a master is visited by the tribunals with the nominal punishment of a few days' imprisonment. But murder is the most venial of this catalogue of iniquities. An aged mother is tied naked by the four limbs, and her son is compelled to hold her while the whip is applied to the naked back of the woman, until her offspring is covered with the blood which spouts from her.

A female, five months gone with child, is bound upon a ladder by the four limbs, a billet of wood being stuffed between her bosom and the ladder, to render her back convex. The lash is then applied, until premature delivery is produced under the operation of the torture. The blows inflicted upon her head have broken out her teeth, destroyed one of her eyes, and deprived her of hearing; and "the man," exclaimed M. Ledru-Rollin, "who thus proved himself more cruel than the executioner, and more inexorable than the guillotine, being brought before the correctional police, was sentenced *to fifteen days' imprisonment!*"

Another female, also pregnant, was submitted to the whip until her back was covered with bleeding wounds, and then, by a devilish refinement of torture, a solution of pimentum and lemon-juice was poured into the wounds.

A child was suspected of having poisoned an ox, which had died. The head of the ox being cut off, was suspended round the neck of the child, who was compelled to carry it until the effluvia proceeding from the decomposition of the flesh relieved the little victim from its torments by death.

The Minister of Marine made a feeble and stammering attempt at some excuse for the colonial authorities, and was persisting to demand the order of the day, when M. Guizot perceiving the sense of the Chamber on the question, exclaimed from his place, "Il n'y a pas d'opposition."

Pro-Slavery.

From the [St. Louis] Liberty Advocate.

PRACTICAL CRUELTY OF ABOLITIONISM.

How opposite in their nature and results, to all they profess to be, are the speculative theories and practical tendencies of abolitionism.

There is on the outside a plausible showing that imposes on the many, while the system itself may well be likened to the whited sepulchre, which outwardly, indeed, appeared beautiful to men, but within was full of *dead men's bones, and all uncleanness.*

Abolitionists, as a body, care little or nothing for the slave; and this we say in full knowledge of their loud professions. We mean those to whom the name belongs of right, and who act out the principles of abolition proper. Their system is a hobby which they ride, for the pleasurable excitement which it affords. Commenced in the spirit of self-righteousness, which delights in blackening the character of others, they have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse and crimination in reference to the slaveholder, and have sought to light up and arouse every indignant feeling on the part of those whom they unjustly condemn, and having produced this re-action of excited feeling, they exult in the storm which they have awakened, and are stimulated to still further aggression, by the resistance which they meet.

Were it possible to calm this tempest, and for the slaveholding States to cease from all opposition, and let them have their own way undisturbed, we believe that the efforts of Abolitionists would very speedily come to a close, the excitement of the game be immediately lost.

The proof of this may be seen in the fact, that while no effort is spared to allure the slave from his home, and to accomplish this, the enactments of human and Divine law are wantonly violated by the immediate parties, and their violation inculcated on the slave; so soon as the excitement of opposition is over, and the act is consummated, as in a moment the benevolence and philanthropy of the Abolitionists cool down and cease, and the poor wretch is left to learn the nature of the tender mercies of those who dragged him forth from home, and cast him out to perish.

Could the wrongs of the poor deluded victims of this mock philanthropy be written out, it would furnish forth a *history of horrors*, of which the most vivid imagination would find it difficult to conceive. Formed for, and accustomed to a southern climate, he is thrown amid the frosts and snows of Canada, to drag out a life made wretched by disease, and sink into a grave which full soon brings his earthly sorrows to a close.

Unused to make provision for his own wants, and accustomed to depend upon others, he finds himself altogether unfitted for the new condition of things in which he is placed, and this is necessarily the fruitful source of misery; and led to believe that those who risked so much, and manifested so much zeal, in order to entice him from his home, would still continue to befriend him, he is doomed to bitter disappointment as he finds they have but betrayed him to his ruin.

From the Express.

SPIRIT OF THE BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES.
MOVEMENTS OF THE FANATICS.

The proceedings, which we published during our own anniversary week, in full, excited no little interest in the community, addressing themselves as they did, to the sympathies of so many thousands of readers, in every part of the country. And we wish we could spare the space it would occupy, to give an equally full account of the no less interesting meetings, held this week in a sister city. Instead thereof we must content ourselves with a brief reference to some of the more remarkable incidents occurring there, in connection with these gatherings.

A great deal of what has been said and done, in Boston, this week, has been but a repetition of what, in the second week of the month, occurred in New-York, in spirit and general effect. For instance, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the American Protestant Society, held meetings in both places. The Boston American Tract Society, the Massachusetts Colonization Society, and the Temperance Societies could have but little of novelty to those who had just been attending similar meetings of our local cognate associations. The society for aiding discharged convicts, too, (at which, by the way, Judge Edmonds was to have spoken, but could not,) must have had debates and declamations not dissimilar to some of those with which the Anti-Capital Punishment *illuminati* regaled delighted auditories, in New-York, a few brief weeks ago.

But there are some points in which Boston must be conceded the palm by us: and one of these is the facility with which they get up female Conventions, for this and that object; with "Social Breakfast" parties, and lay ladies' collations to their clerical friends, and the like of these. We only had one breakfast during anniversary week, here: and that was given by coloured ladies and gentlemen, moving in somewhat exclusive circles. And there is another thing in which our neighbour has the advantage over us. If newspaper accounts from that quarter do not misrepresent matters, the meetings of the Anti-Slavery people are far more interesting there than here. These beautiful convocations fall off most wofully, in interest, after the first day's doings, at the Tabernacle. Garrison takes the chair at ten o'clock, Gay reads a flaming report, full of gratulation for the past, and assurance for the future. Wendell Phillips and Abby Kelley vie with each other, for an hour or more, as to which of the two can utter the most outrageous abuse of their country, its institutions, and its best men, dead and alive; Garrison makes one of his refined and patriotic harangues, and Fred. Douglass follows, last in the list, as a fragrant *bonne bouche*, and crowns the morning's banquet with "apples of gold" choicely "set in silver." After this, the charming creatures slink away into some obscure place of meeting, and play over their daily game to reduced audiences.

But in Boston, how very different! Sometimes Faneuil Hall,—(and always, Marlboro' Chapel,)—is opened to them, the week in and the week out, and most delightful are their orgies, under the larger liberty that they enjoy in "the city of notions." And bye the bye we are rejoiced to see that in Boston,—*at home*,—such men as its Mr. Wendell Phillips can behave themselves like gentlemen, how much soever they may compromise that character when addressing audiences in other cities. The Boston Traveller is our authority for this. In describing one of Mr. Phillips's harangues at Marlboro' Chapel, that paper remarks,—

> With all Mr. Phillips's severity of denunciation, and uncompromising hostility to the cherished institutions of Church and State, *his manner is courteous and his style dignified;* so that he always secures a hearing, and commands respectful attention—while the ribaldry of some who are unworthily associated with him—such as Foster and Pillsbury—excites scarcely any other sensations than those of disgust with the speaker, and sorrow that the cause of emancipation should have fallen into such hands; and leads perhaps to those ill-judged outbreaks and disturbances, which are misinterpreted into opposition to the principles of freedom.

Mr. Wendell Phillips's "manner courteous and his style dignified!" Mr. Wendell Phillips is known in Boston, and belongs, (it must be sorrowfully conceded,) to one of her most respectable families. He is on his good behaviour there,—measurably,—for we may be able to show that he sometimes forgets his position, even there. But *here*, "how courteous his manner, how dignified his style!" By a report (which we know to be correct) of his remarks made at the Tabernacle a few weeks ago, we see that, among other things, this "courteous" and "dignified" personage, (whom the Traveller, in his own town denominates an "able orator and accomplished debater," called Gen. Taylor,

> *A man who knew nothing of his own position, but that it is his duty to murder women and children because he is an officer!*—[A sentiment that, with others of a kindred character, was, we rejoice to say, received with the hisses of his auditory.] He alluded to those American clergy who were members of the Evangelical Alliance, in London, as "*skulking somewhere in this city from the indignation of Christendom.*" He alluded to Daniel Webster's avowal, that to be remembered as a friend to the Constitution of his country was the only epithet he deserved, with great contempt. The "*rottenness of American character*" formed a very considerable portion of the staple of this person's harangue, which was very personal, throughout, but especially towards Mr. Webster, as the *ideal* of the State, and Rev. Dr. Cox, as that of the Church. There was not, he said, public virtue enough left in this republic to save it, under the present organization. One sin swallows up all other sins—swallows up ourselves! And there was something in this Union which makes virtue impossible.

But, after all, is it true, as the Traveller asserts, that its Mr. Phillips is, even in Boston, so courteous in manner, and so dignified in style; so able an orator, and so accomplished a debater? A cotemporary of the same city reports that, last Tuesday afternoon, on the occasion of the second session of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Marlboro' Chapel:

> Mr. W. Phillips opened the ball in earnest, and blazed away at the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Rev. Edward Beecher, Harrison Gray Otis, who once spoke of the Abolitionists as men mad enough to put the Bible above the statute book, and St. Calhoun, and the Gospel of South Carolina, according to George M'Duffie."

All very "courteous" and "dignified," truly!

"Thus far," (continues the Report from which we quote,) "thus far he spoke without exciting any opposition. But when he proceeded to speak of scoundrels like James K. Polk, or any number of cowards like Daniel Webster, hisses began to abound. These marks of disapprobation had the effect of concentrating the speaker's attention upon Mr. Webster, who, he said, had sold his soul for an empty nomination—for the mere jingle of the seals of office. He was, a friend had suggested, a northern fox caught by a southern goose."

Exceedingly courteous, dignified, and accomplished, all this! And we might add a great deal more of the same kind, in illustration of what is meant, in some localities, by courtesy and dignity, in "an able orator and accomplished debater." But we forbear. Yet one thing we cannot conclude without saying. We deny that the comparison instituted by the Boston Traveller, between Mr. Wendell Phillips and "such as Foster and Pillsbury," in favour of the former, is by any means just. If its own report of Pillsbury's remarks be correct, and if he did "charge Mr. Webster with having drank libations to Slavery from the very spittoons of slaveholders;"—and, moreover, if Stephen Foster did say that "Massachusetts was the meanest State that lives," for adhering to the Union, still the comparison is infinitely to the disadvantage of the "accomplished debater." For these men have not had the benefits of good educations, of cultivated intellects, of observation, example, precept, and experience which every Massachusetts "Phillips" has received as his birthright. In our view, the "ribaldry" of the *one* is more disgraceful to him than the "ribaldry" of the *two*; and as to the fling that *they* are "unworthily associated with *him*," it seems to us that it is they who are to be deeply commiserated in having, as their coadjutor and exemplar, a man who should warn them from, not lead them in, the practical and blasphemous course they are so recklessly treading.

Selections.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

THE LIBERTY PARTY.

We have always regarded the formation of the third party in this country, as a mere political movement, set on foot by certain leaders, more from personal than public considerations. We wish to be distinctly understood. We believe that the great mass of the party are sincerely opposed to Slavery, and wish to do all in their power to limit its influence. But we cannot say as much of many of their leaders. Some of them are fanatics, and hardly know what they mean; some of them are cool, calculating, political aspirants; and some of them are democrats in disguise. The movements of that party for the last five years, will, we think, freely justify these remarks. The course they pursued in relation to the annexation of Texas, went far to show that they placed party above principle, and had rather Texas would come into the Union, Slavery and all, than that their political organization should be disturbed. The recent opposition to Hon. J. G. Palfrey for Congress in the fourth District, exhibited a blind devotion to party, and a determination to follow their leaders "right or wrong" rarely to be met with; and conclusively proved that something besides opposition to Slavery entered into their calculations.

The course pursued by Mr. Birney, their candidate for the Presidency, at the last election, could be explained on no other ground, than that he was a wild radical, or was desirous of bringing his party over to his friends the Democrats. We have known for years that the editor of the Emancipator was hand in glove with the slaveholders in the South on the subject of free trade; and that while the Whigs in the twenty-seventh Congress were, labouring to establish the tariff of 1842, that the free labour of the North might be protected against the pauper labour of Europe, and the slave labour of the Southern States, he was labouring by his celebrated Memorial to the Senate of the United States, to bring about the slaveholding tariff of twenty per cent.—We have also seen recently that the Era, a new paper devoted to the interests of the third party, published at Washington, is a fellow-labourer with John C. Calhoun and Robert H. Walker, in building up a commercial system for the benefit of the South—a system calculated to increase the value of slave labour at the expense of free labour. It is a singular circumstance that these enemies to the slave institution—these exclusive advocates for freedom and the rights of free labour, should be found in the ranks of [illegible] institution of the South.

But new developments are being made from day to day. We have always contended that the present war grew out of the institution of Slavery—that it was a war of conquest, prosecuted to dismember Mexico, and, therefore, was dishonourable to us, and unjust to that Republic. But we have been censured by the Liberty party for not going further in our opposition to this unholy war. And we learn recently that George Bradburn, of this State, one of the leaders of the Liberty party, in a late tour to the West, advocated the acquisition of Mexican territory by conquest, providing it could be made free territory. So that after all, these advocates for peace; these sincere devotees of high and holy *principles*, or of the *right*, are willing that Mexico should be dismembered, that we should rob her of her territory, plunder her cities, and murder her citizens, provided the territory wrested from her shall be exempt from Slavery.

Within a few weeks, Gerrit Smith, one of the champions of this boasted Liberty party, has given his creed to the public. He says, among other things, that if he were President, he would "abolish all customs or commercial restrictions whatever; stop selling the public lands, allow every man who needs to take a portion of them without pay, and render the homestead inalienable; discountenance the distinction between native and adopted citizens; appoint no man to office who bases the right of suffrage on property or colour, nor to any adhering member of a secret society." Such are the enlightened and liberal views of one of the founders of the Liberty party. But Mr. Birney, if we believe the reports in the newspapers, has gone further—he has left the Liberty party because they were not sufficiently radical, and would not carry out the enlightened doctrines of Smith and others. If they will persevere in their opposition to *secret* societies, we presume that Benjamin F. Hallet will be disposed to join them, and so enable them to establish their *free trade slavery system*, at the expense of Northern labour. We think, after a few more developments, that the public will be enabled to judge of the boasted merits of this self-sacrificing, conscientious Liberty party. We think the eyes of the people will soon be opened, and that they will see that the charges brought against Leavitt and others by the Garrison party are not entirely destitute of foundation.

From the New Bedford Bulletin.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A meeting was held Sunday evening, at Liberty Hall, to listen to this eloquent pleader in behalf of oppressed humanity. We listened to him for an hour with surprise. When we consider the fact, that until within a very few years he was a *slave*, degraded from his manhood, and deprived of all artificial means of education, toiling in what seemed a hopeless bondage of both body and soul, it is really wonderful with what precision and even elegance of diction, and impressiveness of manner as well as power, he delivers himself. Nor is it singular that one who has been so trampled upon and abused, so vilified and persecuted should sometimes express himself in severe and even bitter terms. Although we have no sympathy with this spirit, and believe that it weakens his power and injures his cause, we can easily excuse it, and cast the veil of charity over this weakness of our common nature. His is a noble work, and nobly has he consecrated himself to it, and we heartly bid him God-speed.

We are not among the number who believe that the Abolitionists have adopted the best measures for securing the end they aim at, or have pursued these measures in the best spirit; but we believe, nevertheless, in opposition to many others, that as a body they have done more than all others towards hastening the abolition of that most diabolical institution which makes human beings mere chattels, and strikes the deadliest blow towards the annihilation in the human soul of all that distinguishes it from the brute creation.

But we believe, also, that the professed friends of Slavery, who are doing, in their short-sighted wisdom, all that lies in their power to enlarge and establish the area of human bondage, are the blind instruments in the hands of an all-wise and overruling Providence, towards the accomplishment of the very event they dread, and seek to defeat. In our opinion the first vital blow ever struck for the ultimate abolition of Slavery in our country, was the "annexation of Texas," and the next, and more powerful one, the present war with Mexico. That these events will do more to confirm public opinion *abroad* that African Slavery is wrong and a curse, than all the abolition speeches and presses in the land, we doubt not. And if this were the only result, it would be of unspeakable importance. For no nation can long stand out against the enlightened judgement of Christendom. Sooner or later it must yield to this stern tribunal.

But, what is more essential and vital, the effect of these measures on public opinion *at home* will be wide and enduring. Already, as we believe, the effect is visible in a thousand ways. In social circles, in political gatherings, in ecclesiastical associations, in the pulpit and through the press—nay, what is more and better, in our State and National councils a voice is heard and a power is felt as new as it is tremendous. The leaven is at work, and the whole lump must be leavened, as we have no doubt it will be, until the bonds of the slave shall be broken and liberty shall be proclaimed from our high places to the captive, and human slavery be blotted from our country.

From the Indiana Freeman.

THE WORK OF ABSORPTION.

The Baltimore Saturday Visitor, edited by Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, which has for three years been a decided Anti-Slavery paper, has been discontinued, and its subscription list transferred to the National Era. We cannot but deeply regret this. At the time when the mania in behalf of Cassius M. Clay's paper endangered the existence of the Cincinnati Herald, Dr. Bailey protested, and as we thought very justly, against breaking down other papers to support the True American. He said that Mr. Clay advocated the abolition of Slavery, more because it was a pecuniary evil to the white than because it was a wrong to the black. What Dr. Baily said of the True American can be repeated with much propriety of the National Era. That the Era is edited with distinguished ability, all know. But the range of topics discussed in its columns is pretty closely confined to what may constitutionally be done against Slavery, the control which slaveholders have exercised over our national councils, the unprofitableness of Slavery, &c. The moral aspect of the question, (the great foundation on which the Anti-Slavery movement rests,) *the wrongfulness of slaveholding, the right of the slave to be free*, has been but slightly touched upon in the Era. We find no fault with this. Dr. Bailey is doing the best he can, and intimates very truly that his paper would not long be tolerated in Washington if it were not quite discreet. But, one lesson should be learned from this fact. If Anti-Slavery papers at the North, where all the horrible iniquity of Slavery may be freely exposed, be permitted to go down in this luror for taking the Washington paper, which admits that it cannot safely speak out and utter the whole truth of Slavery—if they be permitted to go down, we say, the Anti-Slavery cause will receive a severe blow. There is need that much should be said against Slavery which no slaveholding community will tolerate. Let the Era do what it can, but let us have papers at the North to do what it *cannot*.

DR. PUTNAM'S SERMON.

The following remarks of the Boston Courier, though published some weeks since, are made in so candid a spirit, and administers so well-merited a rebuke to the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, that we gladly copy them. The Courier, after stating wherein it agrees with the Reverend Doctor, proceeds:

> But concurring with Dr. Putnam in these conclusions, we have not been able to read his discourse without pain. We have regretted it much, on account of his own account. It is a discourse, which gives melancholy evidence that a worthy clergyman may preach—unconsciously, perhaps—not so much according to the high standard of absolute Right, as according to the received standard of his congregation—that his opinions and expressions may be pruned and trimmed exclusively according to their taste in short, that his sermon may be a reflection exclusively of their own minds. It is needless to add that such a sermon can do very little good to the people to whom it is addressed.
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> It is probable that Dr. Putnam has not a single person in his whole congregation, who maintains the obnoxious opinion, on which he descanted. Nay, more, it is most probable, that a large portion of his congregation, joined with their reverend pastor in animosity against those opinions. They who professed them were absent; they are few in number, and are the objects of much severe animadversion. Dr. Putnam regards them as earnest and conscientious. Others, who know them, bear witness to their self-sacrifice, and to their untiring devotion to one of the greatest causes—perhaps the greatest—of practical benevolence, which has ever occupied the attention of men. Surely, labourers like these, although they may be called Garrisonians, were entitled to careful treatment from a Christian pastor, like Dr. Putnam, nor should he have been willing to employ the license of Fast-day, in "feeding fat" the prejudices of his congregation.
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> The Garrisonians cannot claim immunity from criticism; but justice demands that a Christian pastor should not make these few much-abused absent persons the scapegoats on whom his arguments and indignation are to descend. Were there no opinions nestling in the hearts of his own congregation that needed rebuke? He says, incidentally—"*Among other sorts of sin, there is a great deal of sympathy with slaveholding, and a readiness to help the South in perpetuating and extending it.*" Let us ask distinctly, Are there not many persons in Dr. Putnam's own society who have "sympathy with slaveholding"? If so, why leave this sin without the lash? Why not point his sermon directly at this ally of Slavery?
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> It would have been more manly, more Christian, more worthy of his name, and of the day, if Dr. Putnam had earnestly grappled with the "sin" of indifference to the sufferings of the slave, which prevails so much in Christian churches—if he had denounced all sympathy with slaveholding in tones that might arouse languid conscience—and had called upon his own congregation,—face to face, eye to eye,—to join with him in earnest efforts, not to destroy the Union or Government, but to abolish Slavery. Then, he might, perhaps, with seeming propriety, have reproved the impracticable and unconstitutional course of others. But, no! If he had once surrendered to this strain, he could not have found it in his heart to direct the prejudices of his audience against fellow-Christians, who were labouring so strenuously to overthrow the system of Slavery. His difference of opinion would have been absorbed in the earnestness of sympathy in the great work.
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> But Dr. Putnam's discourse shows, no earnest opposition to Slavery. Perhaps he feels none. We do not undertake to judge him. It is evident that he is much in earnest, while attacking the weak, humble absent and impracticable Garrisonians; but when he approaches Slavery, pregnant with evils as is the womb of sin, he is measured and moderate in his language; nor does he bring home to his own congregation the absorbing moral and political duty of striving constantly and resolutely, by speech, vote and influence, in every constitutional way, for its abolition. Such words might have done good. They would have been candid. They, possibly, might not have been acceptable to all his audience; but they could not fail to have touched some honest hearts, who would have blessed the true preacher who did not hesitate to declare unwelcome verity.
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> John Randolph—who should not be named without reprobation of his unutterable baseness—was accustomed to say, that "he would go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep." The Rev. Dr. Putnam has travelled far out of his way "to kick the Garrisonians." But this is not at all; he has "kicked" in sympathy with a large congregation, and with the public beside; and, in doing so, has given occasion to the unpleasant observation, that the pulpit acts in selfish unison with those who support it, and that preachers are not the fearless guides and leaders of opinion, but merely its representatives.
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> There are other points in this discourse, which might be considered. It seems to be intimated that "Mexico deserved *chastisement, and can claim no sympathy.*" (p. 13.) Strange words from a Christian pulpit! But Dr. Putnam could not mean that there was any person, or nation, so poor or wicked as not to deserve sympathy; nor could he mean that "chastisement" was ever to be inflicted by nation upon nation! He stops short in characterizing the wicked war, saying—"The question, unfortunately, has something of a party character among us, and, *therefore, I will not pursue it.*" But no such delicacy prevents his pushing to the wall the few absent Garrisonians! He denounces their "rashness, thoughtlessness, and bad temper," and calls their idea "foolish, selfish, unchristian, and what is more to the purpose, utterly impracticable." According to the preacher, the Garrisonians, overflowing with a mistaken ardor against the sin of Slavery, deserve higher rebuke than the supporters of this war! No considerations of delicacy, policy, or public opinion, restrain him from beating them with ecclesiastic flail. His audience are all with him in the work. He is sure of their sympathy—all to a man. But we will not dwell upon this.
>
> On the next occasion of *free speech*, let us hope that Dr. Putnam will deal not with the absent, but with the present—not with the few and weak, but with the numerous and strong—and, by his rapid easy eloquence, press home upon his congregation—even upon "ears polite"—not those sentiments which will pamper their prejudices, and render them self-satisfied and pharisaical, but those higher truths, which shall fill them with charity, which shall strengthen their lives, which shall make them better citizens, and render them more earnest in all good causes

From the [Cleveland] True Democrat.

LIBERTY PARTY.

We have long since been aware that there were elements at work in the Liberty party, which would inevitably divide, and now bid fair, in connection with the movements of other parties, to dissolve it. We witnessed the workings of these elements at the Chicago Convention, and became satisfied that they would prove fatal to the party.

A very able and zealous discussion then took place on the expediency of incorporating into the party creed, other principles than the *overthrow of Slavery*. On the one side, it was contended that no party could succeed, fighting under a banner with only *one idea* inscribed upon it—that some other party would incorporate that idea into its creed, and would swallow up the Liberty. On the other side it was answered, that *that* was all that was desired—when that was done, it would be all that was intended in the organization of the party, and that there would be no necessity for its longer existence. These last views prevailed by about a two-thirds vote. The storm for the time was hushed, but by no means passed away. These discordant views have been moving and gathering force since, until they have finally broke forth in a secession.

The party might perhaps heal this wound, and again unite, were it not for a radical difference of opinion among its members in regard to the bearing of the Constitution of the United States upon the subject of Slavery. By some it is contended that Congress has constitutional power to *abolish Slavery* IN THE STATES. This position is maintained by the Emancipator, the Albany Patriot, and several other Liberty papers, and by the Massachusetts Liberty party in State Convention. It is strenuously opposed by the National Era, the Morning Herald, and many other Liberty papers. This difference of opinion is, as we stated, *radical*. All men who hold office under the United States Government, have to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. How can the Era and kindred prints, join with the Emancipator, and like papers, in elevating men to office? The Emancipator may join with the Era, but the Era cannot honestly, without a change of views, go over to the Emancipator, and views.

We stated that a secession had taken place. William Goodell, of New-York has been the prominent advocate of the power of the United States Government to abolish Slavery in the States, also of the expediency of enlarging the creed of the Liberty party. A call has been published in the Albany Patriot, signed by him, James C. Jackson, and forty-six others, to be held a Macedon Lock, Wayne county, N. Y. on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of June, next, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United Sta[illegible] It embraces a declaration of principles, some which are—*an affirmation of the unconstitutionality of Slavery, and the right and duty of the Federal Government to abolish it in the States;* a denunciation of the whole tariff system, and an assertion of the duty of abolishing the custom-house, as the great support of chattel slavery; a denunciation of every kind of monopoly and class legislation; a pledge to the doctrine of land limitation; freedom of public lands, and the inalienability of the homestead; a denial of right to the Government to monopolize the business of mail carrying; a denunciation of all secret societies; and of the act of voting for men "dishonest or unjust, or who are enslaved by spiritual or ecclesiastical despotism, or who lend their support to the religious bodies that are the apologists or supporters of despotism, especially in the extreme degree of chattel slavery."

Mr. Birney read and approved this call before it was published, and authorized his name to be signed to it. The Emancipator condemns the movement, not on account of its constitutional views, but of its departure from the *one idea principle*. The Era says of it, among other things:

> "It will tend to weaken the Liberty party, particularly in New-York, by drawing off some of its most active adherents; but the originators of it, we presume, have no idea of preventing a national Liberty Convention at a suitable time. Their action is upon their own responsibility, and will not affect the course of the Liberty party unless, indeed, it should be responded to more extensively than we now suppose it will be. In that event, it *might* end in the disruption and speedy extinction of our present organization."

How far the organization of a new party is going to affect the Liberty party, time only can determine. There can be no doubt that it will make a serious inroad upon it.

There is another serious division in the Liberty party, and that is as to the time when a National Convention shall be held for nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. The Emancipator, and some other papers, are for holding a Convention early next fall, while the Era, and some other papers, are in favour of postponing until next season. Now there is nothing in the disagreement itself that augurs serious difficulty, but if we examine the reasons operating with the Era, to postpone it, we shall see the germ of serious division. The Era is desirous to unite with any party that will assume right ground on the subject of Slavery, and therefore is for postponing a nomination by the Liberty party, until other parties, by their nominations, shall develop their course. On the contrary, the Emancipator is strenuous for maintaining the *Liberty* organization, and that whatever devils are cast out, shall be in the name of *that* party. The difference, therefore, is vital in its character, and on its settlement may depend the existence of the party.

We do not mention these things because the Liberty party is in more trouble than other parties. Indeed, all parties seem to be dissolving into their original elements. When this takes place, we trust a party will be formed, whose motto and *action* shall be the security of the EQUAL RIGHTS OF ALL MEN.

From the Christian Herald.

LIBERATION OF SLAVES.

From the Red River Republican of the 17th ult. we copy the following:—A case involving the freedom of six negroes, a woman and five children, came up before the District Court of this parish on Wednesday last. It is only in case of this nature that a slave can be a party to a suit in our court, and considerable interest was felt in it. Though slaveholders, our citizens are as adverse to holding in bondage any one legally entitled to freedom, as would be the veriest Abolitionist in the North, and hence the most summary justice was administered in the case. It was the first case tried, and the evidence, which was taken mainly with a view to enable the holder to indemnify himself against their vender, being clearly in their favour, was submitted to the jury without argument, who at once gave them a verdict. The facts of the case were these. The woman with her children were in 1807 slaves in Kentucky, from which State they were taken to the Territory of Indiana, where they were indentured to serve twenty years, the laws of the Territory prohibiting Slavery for a longer period. Subsequently they were sold, and their new owner brought them to Mississippi and again sold them as slaves for life to the father of the present, or more properly, late owner here. One of the family (a boy) was left behind in Kentucky, and sued for and recovered his freedom some three years ago, since which time he has been running as a steward on a boat. Not long since, while at our landing, he fell into conversation with a boy belonging here, whom he soon discovered to be his brother. He informed him of the fact of the family being free, and at once took the steps that have eventuated in establishing it. One or two highly respectable citizens from Indiana were here as witnesses in the case.

SLAVERY IN THE WAY.

The Home Missionary for May, has several extracts from letters from missionaries, showing the effects of Slavery in retarding the progress of the Gospel. In this respect, as well as others, it operates alike on the temporal and spiritual interests of the parties. Wherever slave-labour is brought into competition with that of freemen, the former triumphs, and the latter is starved out; and in like manner are the Gospel and common schools starved out, in a measure, from slaveholding communities.

The following extract is a good specimen:—*Vt. Chronicle.*

> "The agricultural system pursued at the South, causes large bodies of land to be held by a few proprietors, who are thrown too far apart to allow of those compact neighbourhoods universal in other parts of the United States. The population is consequently sparse; there are few villages; and the artist, the manufacturer, the mechanic and the free labourer, are to a great degree excluded. The history of the Church shows that it is mainly in these industrious classes that the Gospel flourishes most. From the same fact of a scattered population, results a great want of schools, and instruction of children. The children of slaveholders being raised in what is called "high life," are educated, if at all, by private tutors, or sent to high schools in the cities and towns. The operatives, being slaves, are not educated.—Hence, the slaveholder feels little or no interest in sustaining neighbourhood schools. The system tending to a monopoly of the land, the other portion of the neighbourhood are unable to send their children away to expensive schools, or to maintain, without the aid of the landholders, schools at convenient distance; hence, their children have to do with little or no education. Accordingly, it is said, that there are in Kentucky forty-five thousand persons over twenty years of age, who are unable to read; in Virginia, fifty-eight thousand; in North Carolina, fifty-six thousand, &c.—besides the slaves, who may be regarded as *all* in this condition. The effect of this is seen not only in the small number of men who enter the ministry, the comparative rarity of authors who are natives and residents of the South, and in our dependence on the free States for preachers and teachers; but also in the fact, that a free school system has never flourished here, and consequently the children of the poor man are uneducated. Thus the fountains of the Church, the springs of early religious knowledge and piety, are dried up. Resulting from this state of society, churches are few and feeble; because in a given district of a convenient size, it is rare that there are persons of sufficient intelligence and means to support them efficiently. In all this, no account is made of the effect which the habit of uncontrolled sway has on the *moral state of the master himself*, and of his family, in uniting them for [illegible] domination of the whole soul in the authority of [illegible]
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> "One more deplorable fact may be here mentioned, and that is, that this system has exiled from among us to the free States, many of our best ministers. They could not sustain the conflict between their consciences, and the apparent necessity that virtually sealed their lips."
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> Who would willingly see any more territory on the face of the earth, under such influences?

Communications.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. PAGE.

To the Editor of the National A. S. Standard:

DEAR SIR:—I have not on hand the discourse from which I intended to send you the extracts already promised, proving that I am sincere and permanent in the positions I have taken in these articles; and not hypocritical and fluctuating, as you suggest. But I have another discourse with me, from which the same thing can be made to appear, though not so evidently and abundantly. I, therefore, send you what I have, as I wish to hasten these communications to a close. What I now desire is, not only to prove that I have been consistent with myself throughout, but also to offer my testimony once more against the whole system of Slavery.—If I have any influence, I want to place it *now and forever* on the right side of the balances. I will not suffer it to be torn from my hands and thrown into the wrong scale, by either defamers or mistaken men.

Speaking, then, in condemnation of the coloured man's condition even in the free States, I say: "What does the negro know here, at the North, of that precious equality which is so nobly asserted in the Declaration of our Independence? and how can we hide from the rational and philanthropic, the heart-sickening fact, that, notwithstanding all our flourish of trumpet, and beat of drum, in the ranks of Anti-Slavery, the coloured man among us is but half emancipated. He has but a decimal fraction of freedom. We have laws and *prejudices* here, which bind him, hand and foot, to the condition of a mean and crushing vassalage. And, *not until we have removed them away*, and provided a full and unstinted freedom for the negro—thus opening for him a field on which he can go forth as tall, and straight, and elastic as any other being in the land—may we be satisfied."

Again—"We wonder not at the deep degradation of the coloured man, here at the North. We weep over his reckless merriment, and giddy despair, and wild waste of noble characteristics. We see in him what we ourselves would become, in the midst of his crushing disadvantages. And we point at him, not by way of ridicule or sarcasm, but that we all may be excited to do our utmost in making him free indeed; insomuch, that we can go the earth over preaching, lion-lunged, the doctrine of a real, genuine emancipation, with no cant, or hypocrisy, or inconsistency in the movement." "These laws, prejudices, and usages, at the North, must first *give way*, before the work is done. And blessed, indeed, is the man who, if the blacks are to continue among us, will effect the great accomplishment."

And, then, I discourse on the subject of Slavery in this language:

> "From what we have said, it appears, that there are great and manifold evils connected with the system of Slavery existing at the South, and evidently growing out of it. They are too many to admit of a *full* enumeration here. It may be well, however, to state them briefly thus:
>
> "'There is in that system a violation of the first command, for its commencing precept is—thy *mas-*

ter is thy God, and the second is like unto it—Thou shalt bow down thyself unto him, and serve him, and violate all the laws of the decalogue, if he requires it. Profanity is in the system. It honours not father or mother, in many ways. Nor does it remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. This sacred season of rest, to no little extent, is a holyday to the slave, or a day of ordinary labour. Slavery kills; it commits adultery; it steals; it bears false witness; it covets Texas, Mexico, Indian territory, all that is its neighbours, and says aloud—perish all the commandments.

"'And then, the mind of the slave is brutalized by his condition. The noble aspirations of a freeman are crushed within him. His vassalage is felt through every attribute of his character. The Bible to him is a contraband book; and when he falls into infidel hands, the prohibition becomes more entire. Intellectual riches, so exceedingly rich, are studiously withheld from him. He knows not how to write or read. In the very midst of the world full of glorious blazonries, he lives in dungeon-darkness.—He hears, indeed, on the outside of his confinement, the shouts of admiration, and the songs of ecstacy. But the pleasurable sensations he feels not. The show is around him, in all its magnificence and all its transports. The flags are flying, the horses are prancing, the procession is moving forward, the thrilling joys touch him on every side. But they come not within; his eye is closed on the whole; he walks in heaven, conscious of the fact, but with every sense stupified. The sea of glass, and crystal stream, and the city of sapphire and of gold, all are there, and the mighty ones of eternity are on either hand, and the great voice, like many waters, swells its œlian thunders on the breeze, but the transports produced are unknown to him: Slavery has converted him into petrefaction in Paradise. He can eat, and drink, and sleep, and indulge all his animal propensities, it is true, like the best of white men—*providing* the opportunity be given, which by no means is always the fact. So can the cattle of the hills. When the fare, however, is coarse, and the task beyond his strength, and the lash well applied, and the musqueto and miasmi, and broiling sun, are his daily attendants, then these mere animal gratifications are denied him. Behemôth, now, is better conditioned than he.

"'And it is no good argument, in favour of Slavery, that the negro of the South has fewer cares, and is better provided for than the poor white man of the North, in some instances. For if all this is true, it only proves that one chamber of death is less horrible than another, or that one apartment of despair burns different fires from the rest. Who will advocate death by opium, because it is less intolerable than death by consumption? It may, indeed, be preferred, but it is not, in itself, desirable. Nor can any process of reasoning make the world so consider it. The lilies and the mushrooms are clothed, and the ravens and the crocodiles are fed, but who, other than a fool or a wretch, would cease to be a *man*, that he might become a mushroom or a crocodile?

"'It may also be said, in this sad enumeration of the evils of Slavery, that it fires up the bosom of the master with wild and unhallowed emotions. He often becomes a fearful, moving powder magazine, with trains of tow hanging out from every crevice of his character, all brimstoned and ready to burn. We have heard of murder, too, in that system; and savage blood-hounds, and protracted tortures, and terrific lynching; and the strong arm of Government quailed from interference. The Seminole war, it is said, with its immense expenditures, and monstrous injuries inflicted on the Indians, flowed from that fountain. Armies and fleets, together with a troop of public servants, whose God is office, for the sake of their [illegible] irritates the North against the South, and the South against the North. Ambitious demagogues make it the field of their mischievous operations. It spreads all under the surface of our land the elements of a tremendous earthquake, and God only knows how soon they will blow us to destruction.

"'Such, in part, and in brief, are the evils of the slave system, without mentioning at all, its blighting influences on the industry, and trade, and soil of those portions of our country where it prevails. We, surely, can never be its advocates or apologists. We rather exhort you to remember the bond as bound with them. Be heartly and forever opposed to a system of servitude, which contributes so largely to the worst woes of human existence.'"

All this, and much more of the same kind, I wrote and preached time and again, long before I addressed you a single line. The sentiments expressed are not gotten up for present purposes of hypocrisy. They are among the honest and established convictions of my mind. I proclaim them again in the ear of the world; I pledge myself to their future advocacy, and yet, am I published and trumpeted from the mountain-tops of two continents, as an impious, pro-slavery hater of the coloured man.—Thus do I "*hang*" with you, Sir, Editor, wagging your head.

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM PAGE.

Free Labour Produce.

The voluntary purchase and use of the products of Slavery, a practical subversion of the principle avowed by Abolitionists of "No Union with Slaveholders."

FRIEND GAY:—I avail myself of your kind offer, in compliance with my request, to publish a communication on the subject of abstaining, as far as practicable, from the purchase and use of those articles which we believe and declare to be the fruits of robbery and oppression.

Important as I consider this subject, I have no desire to demand for it undue attention. If my brethren think that I am doing this, I can truthfully assure them that I call their attention to the subject, not because I do not appreciate other appropriate means for the advancement of our benevolent enterprise, but because I am persuaded that this article of our duty has been too much overlooked and disregarded.

At our late interesting convocations for Liberty in New-York and Boston, our attention has very properly been called to first principles. Our noble and beloved Pioneer has done this, and our friend Hathaway has reminded us of our duty to carry out these principles into all our social, *commercial*, and religious action. What are these principles? We have declared, in vindication of our opposition to the great national sin of oppression, that man's right to liberty and the fruits of his own toil, are the gifts of the Creator, and inalienable. We therefore charge upon the slaveholder the sin of robbing his brother of the products of his toil, and unite with the spirit of truth in denouncing "Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."

We deny the oppressor's right to these fruits of robbery, and, by necessary consequence, his right to sell them. Where, then, have we obtained the right to buy of that oppressor or his agents? From which of our principles of righteousness do we deduce the right to become the receivers of goods which we know and declare to be stolen? From which of those principles do we infer that it is a mere matter of *inexpediency* to do this, and that it is not a *moral* wrong? Do our courts of common justice—do we ourselves admit that the man who is encouraging thieves, by receiving and paying them for the fruits of their iniquity, is chargeable with no moral guilt? My never-ceasing love of our brother Garrison, for his devotion to the cause of outraged humanity, cannot preclude the conviction, that, in respect to this subject, he descends from the high position of holy principle which he usually occupies.

If, as our friend Hathaway avers, we are bound to carry out our principles "in *commercial* and religious action," does it not follow that we are bound to cease buying and selling the fruits of Slavery? Is it consistent Anti-Slavery action, to contribute into the hands of the slaveholder, voluntarily, that very profit which is the most effective motive for maintaining the whole system? The origin of the atrocious act of converting an intelligent being, whom God has made in his own image, into a chattel, is found in the avarice of the human heart.—This "fire of hell" glows in the soul of the oppressor, and consumes all the interests of humanity which pertain to the life which now is, and to that which is to come. I now ask the purchasers of these products to pause one solemn moment, and consider the fearful fact that they are supplying the entire fuel to feed this infernal fire! From them the merchant receives the profit which induces him to purchase the fruits of unrighteousness of the slaveholder, together with the money which he remits to the latter, which is his inducement to rivet the chain of Slavery, and to encourage the slave-trader, by purchasing the victims of his cupidity. The slaveholder is accessory to the sin of the slave-trafficker, who would discontinue his heinous traffic if the former did not open a market for him. The merchant is accessory to the sin of both, as he opens a market for both. The consumers are accessory to the sins of *all* the others, as they open the final market on which all the others are entirely dependent. Let the consumers stop this "union with slaveholders," and the whole operation of the infernal machine ceases. The main-spring is broken. No more shall the wail of outraged humanity ascend from the slave-ship, the rice-swamp, the sugar plantation, or the cotton-field.

It is remarkable that during our Anniversary business meetings in New-York, our esteemed friend Garrison offered a resolution which closes as follows: "That if a person engaged in the African Slave-Trade is justly deserving of capital punishment, no matter what may be his defence for his conduct, then the American slaveholder as justly deserves the same punishment—for he claims an absolute right to possess, buy and sell human beings, and stimulates the foreign trafficker, by opening for him a profitable market." Why this man is to be charged with moral wrong, because he "stimulates the foreign trafficker, by opening for him a profitable market," while the man who stimulates *both* the slaveholder and the slave-trader, by opening for *both* a "profitable market" is to be considered morally innocent, is a problem I leave my respected friend to solve at his leisure.

Abolitionists often quote Mr. Wesley's declaration, that "men-buyers are on a level with men-stealers." If such is their moral position because they buy, what they know or ought to know, is stolen, what must be the moral position of those who know and declare that the cotton and the sugar they buy is stolen?

It is objected by those who really appear to me to be building up the very system of abominations which they profess to destroy, that the principle of abstinence cannot be carried out. This objection seems to concede that the principle is a *righteous one*, for if it is not, the objector has no need to say that it *cannot* be carried out, but he may say at once, it *ought not* to be carried out. If it is a good principle, it is our duty to carry it out as far as practicable. It is our duty to do no more with respect to any principle. Neither morality or religion require impossibilities.

It is indeed impossible to abstain from all use of the products of Slavery, or other fruits of dishonesty. With all our consistent and honest endeavours to avoid encouraging evil-doers, by partaking of their evil deeds, we shall occasionally do so. An honest man, intending to purchase those articles only which have been honestly obtained, will sometimes purchase such as have not been so obtained. Does this justify the man who voluntarily supplies himself continually at the shop which is notorious for the constant reception of stolen goods? Will you say that these two persons occupy the same moral position, and that the latter is doing that which is merely *unavoidable*? An honest man may innocently receive and pass counterfeit money. Shall we therefore allow the man to excuse himself who knowingly purchases and uses it? We tell the slaveholder that liberty is the inalienable right of all men. He replies, "this is a mere abstraction," "a rhetorical flourish," "you cannot carry it out." He repels the charge of the Englishman against Slavery, with the charge of oppressing his own operatives in the manufactory; and, as my friend Phillips said, that he would as willingly go to the judgment in a shirt of cotton, as in one of Irish linen, so the slaveholder will tell you that he would as willingly go to the judgment with his slaves as with English operatives. "So they wrap it up." My esteemed friend will permit me to say, that if he affirms of the Irish shirt what he does of the American, *i. e.* that it is *the fruit of robbery and oppression*, he should have too much reverence for the holy commandment, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," &c. to be willing to go to the judgment in either.

It is affirmed that the slaves are willing that their abolition friends should use the products of their labour. One fugitive, I think, affirmed this at our meeting in Boston. If the transaction were only between the slave and the consumer, and the former should freely sell or give the latter some of the fruits of his toil, there would be no moral wrong in the reception. But it is not so. The act of the slaveholder, in robbing the slave of the fruits of his toil, and selling what is not his own, is *a moral wrong*, to which the purchaser of the stolen articles is accessory, voluntarily partaking of the sin, and in fact, presenting the chief inducement for its continuance. Now the slave has no right to be accessory to moral wrong. To be knowingly accessory to moral wrong, is itself a moral wrong, consequently, he can delegate no man to do it.

We are told that abstaining from the products of slave-labour will have little or no effect. Will the objector allow such an excuse for not avoiding other moral evils? No. *Then*, he will maintain principle, and say, that "he who is unjust in that which is least, is unjust also in much; and he who is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Who have proved, however, that this is not a small evil, either in its nature or consequences. Nor is it true that no effect is produced by a consistent practice in this matter. Our practical testimony has good effect in calling the attention of some to the great sin of Slavery. Moreover, the diminution of the demand for the fruits of unrequited toil, if Abolitionists only abstained from the use, would be followed by a proportionate and considerable diminution of unrighteous and cruel slave-toil. The supply will be according to the demand. If there is an increasing demand for slave-products, there will be increased toil on the part of the slaves to supply, and vice versa. So in respect to free goods. If Abolitionists will demand them, and present a market for them, they will have them.

Although our friend Hathaway affirmed it to be our duty to carry out our anti-slavery principles "in *commercial* and religious action," Mr. Foster asserted that trading with slaveholders is no union with them: that union is aid, and that trading with them is not aid, and that slaveholders did not care for our abstaining. Is it necessary for me to attempt to refute such reckless assertions as these? Is it needful for me to prove that the men who fill their stores or their houses with the goods purchased from the slaveholder, have no commercial *union* with him? Will Mr. F. please to inform us in what commercial union consists? Will he affirm that the receivers and purchasers of stolen goods offer *no aid* to the villains who have stolen them? Will he affirm that the man, who has opened his store, cares not whether or not he has any customers?

The inconsistency of Abolitionists in this matter is obvious enough in other cases. If the man who is continually encouraging those who defraud others, by paying them for their stolen goods, should put out a sign declaring, "No union with thieves;" we say that it is a mockery and a lie.

There is another subterfuge. As the slaveholder attempts to repel our charge of unrighteousness, by assuring us that he holds the slave in bondage for his own good, so the purchaser of slave products attempts to excuse himself by assuring us that he does it for the good of the slave. Admitting both to be sincere, they are both doing evil that good may come. Supposing, instead of being an Anti-Slavery Society, that we were a society for detecting horse-thieves and abolishing horse-stealing. Some of our members, we ascertain, are in the practice of buying horses they know are stolen. We remonstrate against their practice. Oh, gentlemen, says one, I do this for the good of our cause. I buy the stolen horses so cheap that I have more money to put into our treasury. Another says, my practice enables me to pay the expense of my journeys when I go to lecture against horse-stealing, besides, horse-thieves care nothing about men abstaining from buying their stolen horses; buying their stolen horses afford them "no aid." The pirate, the slave-trafficker, the slaveholder, will all tell you that they do good with the fruits of their iniquities. The truth is, that the Abolitionist who cares not to abstain from the purchase and use of the fruits of robbery and oppression, is practically building up the very system of iniquity which he professes to hate and destroy.

It remains only for me to notice the manner in which my respected friend, Garrison, attempted to invalidate my resolution in New-York, designed to show that our profession of "No union with slaveholders," required us to abstain from the continual voluntary use of the fruits of their unrighteousness and oppression. To my resolution, Mr. G. offered the following amendment, viz:

"That whoever buys, sells, or consumes the productions of slave labour, is a participant in the crime of slaveholding, and guilty of assisting in the perpetuity of Slavery and the Slave-Trade; and therefore is to be held equally accountable with the African kidnapper and the American slaveholder, for all the crimes and horrors of the slave system."*

Mr. G. offered this amendment, *not as his own sentiment*, but to test my resolution, and to disprove the soundness of its principle.

My first remark on this amendment is, that if it subverts my resolution, which requires the Abolitionist to cease stimulating the slaveholder and the slave-trader, "by opening for *both* a profitable market," it must certainly subvert that part of Mr. Garrison's own resolution at the same meeting, which condemns the slaveholder for stimulating "the foreign trafficker, by opening for him a profitable market." If the amendment proves the impropriety of the demand of abstainers to send back THE GOODS which are the fruits of unrighteousness, it equally proves the impropriety of the cry in Mr. G.'s last paper, "SEND BACK THE MONEY."

It is, in my opinion, a truth worthy of the serious consideration of every man, that they who are freely buying, selling, and using the productions of slave-labour, are, in an important sense, as I have already shown, accessory to the general crimes and horrors of the slave system. *Their money is the ultimatum of the whole system.* Some sins, however, pertaining to this monstrous evil, like those pertaining to other evils, are more heinous in the sight of God and men, than others. We are, indeed, "accountable" for every wrong action, but there is not only an important difference between that participation with moral evil, which is voluntary and with knowledge, and that participation which is unintentional; but there is also a great variety of degrees of criminality in different acts of voluntary participation.

After the most deliberate examination of this subject, it appears to me, that, on the very same principle that we call on our fellow-citizens either to abandon the Declaration of Independence which demands liberty for ALL men, or that Constitution which withholds it from MILLIONS, so we ought either to haul down our banner which we have unfurled to Freedom's breeze, "No union with slaveholders," or abandon our commercial union with oppressors. All which is respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of the friends of the slave, by their fellow-labourer in the cause of humanity,

MILTON, June 2d, 1847.

*Mr. G.'s original amendment was not published with my resolution, nor could I obtain a copy at the Anti-Slavery office in New-York. My friend gave me the above as corresponding with the original as near as he could remember.

Thoughts after Seeing and Conversing with a Slave who had just made his escape from Kentucky.

It is natural to suppose that, if a man runs away, he must have committed some depredation upon the public, some crime which deserved to be punished with imprisonment or death; or else if not thus guilty no man could have any reasonable desire to pursue him, and there would be no necessity for his fleeing into a strange land to escape being brought to the bar of justice at home.—This man must, then, be dishonest, and by pilfering, pilaging, or what not, his crime has been sufficient to force him from his native soil.

But what! am I giving censure upon no other reasons than such as custom and habit have established? Let me first examine his case before I pass my judgment upon him! Is he guilty of murder? No. Of forgery? No. Of slander? No. Of theft? No, not even of telling a lie! What, then, caused his limbs to shake, his voice to tremble, and his eyes to roll about in their sockets, as if he expected at every moment to be seized by some unforeseen enemy, and carried back to his former residence, there to suffer all the torments that man is capable of inflicting? For what! For guilt? No, for innocence! For not conforming to the laws of his country? No, for obeying the dictates of his own conscience!

The hardships to which he had been exposed, had raised his mind above the oppressions common to a life of bondage—enabling him not only to penetrate the misty field of nature but to commune with nature's God. The many stripes that he had recieved from his unfeeling master, had created a spirit of liberty which was but a spark at first, but soon increased so as to render him incapable of submitting longer to the will of a tyrant. His only crime, then, was an irrepressible love of liberty, a desire to be free, which he very feelingly expressed in the following words, when asked if he had not rather be the slave of a kind master, in Old Kentucky, where he had plenty to eat and drink, and light work, and no whippings, than to live in Canada, where the laws were so severe, and he had to work hard for a living. He replied: "I had rather be a freeman, and own my own body, and call my wife and children mine, and be compelled to beg my bread from door to door, and go to the rivers to drink, than to be a slave in Kentucky, where I used to hear the cries of my poor perishing brethren as they were daily beat and whipped by the cruel overseers."

If this be the case, that his only crime was a burning desire for freedom—a desire to "own his own body;" that he might think and act as he chose, go when and where he pleased; how miserable, then, must have been his condition at home? Not a friend in the world—an outcast from society, and the property of another man, who had full power, according to law, to dispose of him at will—either to exchange him for the necessaries of life, or sell him as an "*article of commerce*," or to kill him if he said one word in defence of himself!!!

Who that has the least spark of humanity about them can wonder at a man's exerting all his faculties in one desperate effort to escape from a nation that exerted all its powers in attempting to transform him into a *beast*, by manufacturing him into an "*article for market?*"—Can it be possible! in this enlightened age, which is noted as being more particularly favourable to civil and religious and political liberty, than any preceding, that such barbarous acts are in operation and enforced by rational creatures? Yes, such is the case. Is it not among the savages—not in some despotic nation where justice is unknown;—not under some tyrannical monarch whose word is law, and who uses all his powers to injure his subjects, merely to gratify his vicious inclination? No it is in a nation that boasts herself as standing pre-eminent among the nations of the earth for the general diffusion of education—for the superior knowledge of the arts and sciences—for the rapid advancement in moral improvement—for possessing the greatest number of charitable institutions, the object of which is to elevate the character of the poor,—for sending the greatest number of missionaries among the *heathens*, to tell them of their moral and political debasements and to proclaim to them the blessed truths of the ever living Gospel,—for being the first to establish a *free* government on the principles of pure democracy, having for its whole object the good of the governed, which sets every man at liberty to say and do as he pleases, but holds him responsible for the abuse of that privilege. Yes, even in the United States, where the people have assembled together and planted that wonderful "Tree of Liberty"—unfurled upon its top a banner which has inscribed upon it in glowing colours: "We the good people of these united colnies, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare that we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the persuet of happiness, and for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

And under the branches of this "*tree*," sheltered partly by the leaves, and that splendid banner which would furl around its branches at an approaching storm, they ejected a large and costly mansion, where they carried their human produce to market to be sold by a man employed for that service. At the rising of each sun he commences his labour, by bringing several human beings upon the porch, with their hands, chained behind them, then says to the purchasers who stand around in crowds: "Good people of these united colonies, here is a man well-built, beautifully proportioned, and two-thirds English blood, warranted to have a sound constitution, to be quick and handy. If you want a good serviceable man, here he is, just a-going, going. Good people how much?" What, sell men into *servitude* and *slavery* at the CAPITAL, under the protection of that "glorious declaration?" Aye, more! "Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions;" and "firmly relying on Him for support" to carry on a traffic in human blood;—to use one part of the community as property to support the other;—to empower one CLASS of individuals to separate, at will, husband and wife, parents and children; and if they make the least resistance, or express their dissatisfaction, to put an end to their existence.

Who, then, can contemplate the misery of this slave among such a people, or his joy after escaping from them? But! where will he go, if the land in which his fathers, (in connection with the whites) poured out their blood like water upon the soil to assist in the death struggle with England for liberty, renders him no security of person, life, or property? He now thinks that English laws are one of the greatest blessings compared to those of his own country, even if compelled to "beg his bread from door to door." Merciful Heaven! has it come to this! Call upon a just God to assist in carrying on a system of oppression scarcely equalled by civilized or savage man? Have we become so insensible to all the principles of humanity and justice by our being associated with scenes of oppression and cruelty, as to "firmly rely upon Divine Providence" for protecting us in a work of injustice? We may flatter ourselves with the idea that our system of oppression is founded on such strong basis, and so ingeniously built, that we are free from all *resentment* on the part of the slave. But if that Being whom we reverence, is no "respecter of persons," and "governs the world upon the principles of benevolence and justice," and "not one of terrific horror, partial only to the favoured few," how can we expect to escape his wrath, while guilty of practicing such injustice?

Has such a case ever been known? I peruse the pages of history for an answer. I contemplate upon the scenes of Egypt and Greece, where the remains of antiquity [illegible] former greatness, their extensive knowledge of the arts and sciences, and in a word, their intellectual attainments in everything that constitutes true greatness. But why are their works now crumbling into dust, and disregarded by the inhabitants? It is because their laws were such, that one class of the community was to be nobles and the other doomed to be slaves. The downfall of the Grecian Government was commenced by the Peloponesian war, where the Hetots or slaves rose against their masters, and it was completed by rebellions of a similar nature. I now proceed to Iron-Footed Rome, and inquire after her great men, who once held the world in awe; but am told that their subjects numbered them with the silent dead!! Civil war broke out on account of the plebeians and slaves being dissatisfied with their inhuman treatment, to which may, to a considerable extent, be attributed the extinction of liberty and the downfall of the Republic.

Thus I proceed from the history of one country to another, and every nation that has *fallen* I find that the cause lies within itself. They have been guilty of treating those whom they considered their inferiors, unjustly; hence, according to God's Providence, have suffered.—I now come to the United States where I find the people "forging manacles and fetters for human limbs." Three millions of people, or one-sixth of the population, bound down by the potent chains of law into a state of wretchedness and slavery, and the people boasting of their perfect system of oppression. But if the principles here laid down, be correct, that no nation which has been guilty of such cruelty, has ever escaped Divine Justice, how then can they even hope to escape his vengeance without a speedy reformation? Aye! me thinks I see dark clouds arising in the firmament of the intellectual heavens, the elements beginning to roar with *madness*, the pillars of the Government to totter, one-sixth of the structure now lost the centre of gravity, and bears heavily upon the other, the dark and angry elements now gathering round the "Tree of Liberty," its inscriptive banner (the constitution) tossed to and fro by the commotion of the elements, at length disappears, and ere long, if the storm is not averted, by purging the Government of its bigoted, aristocratic features, the "Tree of Liberty" will be torn up root and branch, and its erectors, no longer protected by it, exposed to all the convulsions of a cruel and bloody war! Oh! America! America! may you see your danger and arouse from your lethergy, and concentrate all your powers in one united effort to loose the chains of oppression, and thereby escape the awful catastrophy that awaits your present course.

B. R. PALMER.

PRESBYTERIAN (New School) ASSEMBLY.

TUESDAY, May 24—9 A. M.

Rev. Mr.———, on behalf of certain ladies of the city, presented to the Moderator a bouquet of flowers, as a token of respect, and as emblematic of the Eden-like influence which they trusted the Assembly would have on the religious spirit of the city. The Moderator returned thanks and remaked that, while he received with gratitude the beautiful, fragrant flowers—descendants of those of Eden, he would not forget the equal beauty and the more delicate purity of the daughters of *Eve*.

The committee to select the Committee upon Missions in the West, reported Rev. Messrs. Mill, of Cincinnati; Witter, of Grand River; Townsend, of Missouri; Norton, of Alton; Dickey, of Indiana. Report adopted.

Rev. Mr. Dickey offered a resolution to the effect, that since there was some doubt in the inferior Judicatories of the Church, in regard to the question of Slavery, therefore it is resolved that the word slaveholders be inserted after the word manstealers, in answer to the 142d question in the Catechism, in regard to those who are in the practice of sins forbidden in the Eighth Commandment, and that this amendment be sent down to the Presbyteries. The Moderator decided that this was precluded by a rule of the house, that no subject once decided can be brought up without a vote of reconsideration of two-thirds, and that this related to the subject of Slavery, which was one which had been so decided. To this it was objected, that there had been no decision made in regard to this specific point.

The Moderator said that he supposed that the rule covered all questions in relation to Slavery.

It was asked whether any question involving Slavery would come under the rule. The Moderator declined answering.

Rev. Mr. Bushnell appealed. The decision of the Moderator was sustained, 25 to 22.

It was then moved that the committee before whom the memorial in regard to this overture was laid, at the last General Assembly, be ordered to report. It was decided that this was out of order, as the report could not be received and acted on by the House. It was also stated by the Moderator that he should rule all attempts to bring Slavery before the Assembly out of order.

The order of the day being the hearing of Drs. Cox, Beecher, and Mussey, on the Evangelical Alliance, the Assembly resolved itself into an introductory meeting, and Dr. Cox took the stand. He went on at considerable length to set forth what was, in his opinion, the foundation of the Evangelical Alliance. Dr. Beecher also spoke at considerable length. Dr. Cox stated that it was contemplated to hold a meeting, in 1848, in Geneva, Switzerland, and in 1850 in New-York.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1847.

Editorial Correspondence.

HINGHAM, June 7, 1847.

In last week's Standard, I observe an excellent letter from our Boston Correspondent—who, by the bye, always writes better letters than I find any where else in my somewhat extensive reading of newspaper literature—in which he gives an account of the New England Convention. This saves me the trouble of a lengthened description. It is two years since I have attended any public meeting in Boston, and unless our good friends there can secure better accommodations for their audiences, I shall not, for one, be anxious to make my visits there at such seasons. Marlboro' Chapel in its present condition, seems speeially construcied for the convenience of the mobocrats, and with the provocation which these gentry had to riot in such a place, I think they showed great forbearance in not destroying more than a couple of hundred of dollars' worth of property. To youngsters fond of fun, and who were not Abolitionists, it seemed to me that the temptation must be irresistible to cry down a speaker, where it could be done so easily, and to break up benches which looked as if they were brought there for that special purpose. There is something very ridiculous in looking from the back part of a hall at a man sawing the air with his arms, stamping the dust out of the carpet, and opening his mouth in vain attempts to be heard, till his face looks like a full-blown piony, when every time that he does so his words are utterly drowned by the hisses or cries of the audience, which arise without any effort from anybody, or even anybody appearing to make the noises. The laugh, however, is quite on the other side of the mouth when the place is such an one that a speaker can make himself heard in spite of a mob, for such is almost always the case where his voice is not lost in the first outbreak of the storm. If a good speaker can get the ear of his audience for five minutes, he is almost sure of them for any reasonable length of time. In consideration of the present exigencies of the cause, I think we ought so to manage matters that we may have fair fight with the mobocrats. They are given altogether too much odds in Marlboro' Chapel.

Perhaps I shall be pardoned another suggestion. Boston is rapidly growing to be a rival of Philadelphia in mobs. This evil spirit is growing unchecked, and will soon be triumphant. When it is too late the people there will wake up to the consciousness that the riots which they have been permitting are the cause of some dire mischief. Anti-Slavery meetings by universal consent have been for years the school in which the unfledged rioters are taught to fly their young wings, and it behooves the Anti-Slavery people to do something about the matter—either clip the feathers of these saucy bantlings, or let them alone altogether. I am not sure that the most perfect non-resistance would not succeed best. I should like once, by way of experiment, to see those, who rightly form the Convention, including the President, and whoever may be speaking, quietly take their seats, and without word or movement await the sovereign pleasure of the people. I am inclined to think that it would be like looking a playful puppy full in the eyes; he will slink away with his tail between his legs wondering what he has been making a noise about. There certainly would be no great enjoyment to the most uproarious set of rowdies in hissing a platform full of silent men. The absurdity of hissing and screaming at nothing would be so palpable that a mob would stand stock still in utter astonishment at its own foolishness. But if this way will not do, there is another that probably will, and that is the employment of the police. But it should be done effectually. Enough should be employed to quell a riot, and the thing followed up till those who are taken into custody are comfortably lodged for sixty or ninety days at South Boston. The difficulty now is that we do neither one thing nor another. We rely neither upon ourselves nor the law. We are neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, and the mob know it, and govern themselves accordingly. If they are not provoked by two or three policemen who can do nothing, and understand that we rely solely upon their generosity and humanity, we may, perhaps, put an end to these disturbances. Or if we trust to the city Government for protection, and the rioters see before them police force enough to put as many of them as we please into the House of Correction, that alone will secure us from molestation and disturbance. But doing neither one thing nor another, is putting a temptation in the way of all the young rascals in the city which it would be surprising if they should resist, considering what game the Abolitionists have been for their betters for the last dozen years.

Once during the New England Convention, I forsook our own Assembly of the Faithful, to attend a meeting of the Unitarian Association, at which it was expected the Slavery question would be mooted. If it was a sin, I feel no apprehension for the consequences, for I received my punishment on the spot. A stupider meeting I never attended. It was held in the Federal-street Church, now Dr. Gannett's, and formerly Dr. Channing's. The spirit of the latter has apparently deserted the temple where he ministered. At least there was little of it shown there that night. Perhaps I judged the feelings of the rest of the audience, by those of a few whom I know were longing to be fed there with something else than the very dry husks which were thrown down for the spiritual entertainment of the congregation; but it seemed to me that there was an impatient rustle as each new speaker rose, which subsided into a very drowsy, inattentive state of waiting, as they were again and again disappointed. I thought what a waking-up of the people there would be here, if there were a little less of Unitarian respectability, and a little more of Christian freedom. The dignified propriety which seemed to fear nothing so much as a solecism in good manners grew positively ludicrous, as we waited and waited, and hoped to hear some good thing, as each successive speaker mounted the pulpit-stairs, or a sort of razeed altar, peculiar to the Unitarian churches. The atmosphere of the meeting was infinitely more chilling than the awful solemnity of an Orthodox assembly.—There the very unction with which the members be-brother each other, and sniffle out their cant phrases, has something of warmth in it, but here even the manner of religious fervour was wanting. The President was an elegantly-bred man, and he graced the platform as he would a drawing-room. He introduced the speakers by their names and titles, as the "Rev. Dr. Oily," and the "Rev. Mr. Bag-o'-wind," and not as an Evangelical moderator would, as "Brother Barebones," and the like. All this is well enough, but we cannot help observing and regretting, that if the Unitarians have improved on the other sects in manners, that there does not seem to be any more heart in their Conventions, and not half as much earnestness.

The coldness of the meeting seemed to chill many of the clergy present, from whom something better than silence was expected on such an occasion. I saw about me several gentlemen, members of the Association, who, I know, are good and true Abolitionists, but they rather hung about the doors, as if afraid to come within the influence of the torpedo-touch of the clergy, who clustered near the pulpit. If they had shaken off the conventional propriety of Unitarianism, which, for fear of saying unpleasant things, says nothing, I am sure they would have found a hearty response from the publicans and sinners of the audience, however much Dr. Oily or the Rev. Mr. Bag-o'-wind had shaken their heads at them. One or two of them did say a few words, touching upon Slavery, Intemperance, &c. but they stopped just when they were beginning to be interesting.

The only spark of enthusiasm that was elicited during the evening came from the Rev. Mr. Bellows, of New-York. Mr. Furness, who had preceded him, had dwelt in a few brief but emphatic words upon the necessity of practical Christianity rather than of Theology, and passed to a beautiful tribute upon the character of Dr. Channing, who had said to him—Mr. Furness—not long before his death, that he was losing his interest in the mere dogmas of Unitarianism, as he felt, more and more the need of that vital religion which should turn men from the sins which they are every day committing. This brought Mr. Bellows to his feet, who seemed to think that the worst evil in the world was an erroneous belief—a very comfortable doctrine, certainly, for all clergymen, inasmuch as there are few congregations that cannot bear much easier to hear of the sinful faith of the neighbouring orthodox churches, into which they never enter, than of their own week-day peccadilloes on 'Change, and in their counting-houses—of the sinfulness of slaveholding, or the wrongfulness of drunkenness,—the preaching against which, should it become general, might endanger their craft. As an offset to Mr. Furness's eulogium of the practical Christianity of Dr. Channing, Mr. Bellows made another upon one whom he said did not receive his full share of credit for the good done in his day and generation. His works, the speaker thought, however, would receive the praise from posterity which was not awarded them now. He alluded to Professor Andrews Norton, of Cambridge, who published some years ago a very good work on the authenticity of the Gospels, which probably not more than fifty of the laity of the congregation had ever heard, and not five had ever read. Before Mr. Bellows mentioned Prof. Norton's name, I was innocent enough to suppose he referred to the excellent work on the Old Testament of John Gorham Palfrey,—who stood just behind me. A little reflection, however, would have convinced me, even had the speaker not presently undeceived me, that that work would be one of the last to receive his commendations. Professor Norton is a learned, and I believe, a very good man—he ought to be, as he comes from Hingham—but I fear if he does nothing more to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity than he has done in writing the book in question, he must be content with the occasional fame which clergymen of the class to which Mr. Bellows belongs, may give him. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the age is demanding something more of its great and learned men, than a repetition of the theology of preceding centuries.

I must not omit to mention, however, in justice to the Unitarian body, that they left off of their list of officers this year, the name of a slaveholder, Dr. Whittridge, of Charleston, S. C. who has been for years one of their Vice-Presidents, and passed the following resolution, with only a single dissenting voice:

"Resolved, That we believe slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity, and wholly at variance with a Christian profession."

They were urged also by our indefatigable friend, the Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, to declare that no slaveholder could be an officer of that body, but this, the majority thought unnecessary, as none could be, if the Association were true to the principle of the resolution. Mr. May, on the other hand, urged that such a declaration was required of them, inasmuch as a slaveholder had for years been an officer.

If there is any Church in the land to which the slave's friends may look with hope, it is the Unitarian. There are among its clergy, in proportion to its numbers, more earnest and working Abolitionists than in any other, though there are, too, among them some of our bitterest opponents. I believe, however, it will be the first of the sects to take a true position on the subject of Slavery. If those who are faithful would shake off some of the habitual timidity which belongs to this class, it might very soon be brought to be identified with the A. S. movement.—But this is the very thing which some of the best of them fear most. They want to be Abolitionists without having the name of it. "We have no faith, and cannot work in organizations," they will say, when urged to give their influence to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. And so they persuade themselves that their fear of what the world and their congregations will say, is a conscientious objection to an organized movement, forgetting that their lives are spent as the servants of organized Congregational churches. But they learn the shallowness of such reasoning as this as fast as they learn to love the cause of humanity better than their own easy and comfortable respectability. There are a dozen or more of them in and about Boston now, who are not afraid to be seen near, and some of them even on, the platform at our meetings, and had as lief be caught speaking to Garrison or Douglass in the street as any other white, or half-white man. This certainly is hopeful, and the fearlessness—as it seems to their brethren—of these men is contagious. Some of them never hesitate to jeopardize their position with their parishes by openly and boldly advocating the Anti-Slavery cause, in season, and out of season, Sundays and week-days, and this noble example is given by more than one of the most distinguished for talent and influence in the Unitarian body. A tremendous impulse will be given to the cause when all of these men co-operate with their fellow-abolitionists in their own neighbourhoods. But my letter is getting longer that I meant it should, and is spinning out upon subjects on which I barely meant to touch.

S. H. G.

GENERAL AGENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—We are happy to learn from the Liberator that Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Massachusetts, has consented to take upon himself the onerous duties of General Agent of the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts. A better choice could not have been made. Mr. May commands the respect and confidence of the people as a Christian minister, and a man of talents, and by the urbanity of his manners, and his powers as a public debater, as well as by the wise measures which we are sure he will take to make his agency useful, will win many to our cause. We congratulate our Massachusetts friends on so valuable an acquisition to the active working men in our enterprise.

☞ We find in an exchange paper the following article from the National Era, which escaped our notice in the number of that paper in which it was published:

THE ERA DENOUNCED.—The reader, by turning to the letter of our special correspondent from New-York, will see that the Era has been publicly denounced at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because, it seems, *we have not been mobbed!*

It has been our lot to differ with many Anti-Slavery men, as to the mode of advocating the cause of human rights. The necessity or wisdom of violence has never been apparent to us. We could not see what was to be gained by always appearing to be in a passion. The importunity of facts, in our estimation, was more potent than the repetition of bald declamation. The example of Luther, so often appealed to as a cover for the bad temper of minor reformers, had little weight with us. He would have been a better reformer had he manifested more of the spirit of Christ, and the Reformation would have proved a far greater blessing, had it not been alloyed with so many of the evil passions of human nature.

We have been mobbed more than once, and have no

because it assumed to be the representative of the Abolitionists of this country, while, in fact, its silence generally upon the subject of Slavery, and its time-serving course when it does allude to it, renders it less deserving of the name of Anti-Slavery than a score of the papers of both political parties we could name at the North. It is not that the Era is peculiar in its "mode of advocating human rights," but that so far as the slave of the Southern States is concerned, it scarcely advocates them at all. If the editor thinks himself a better man than Luther, we would commend Melancthon to him as an example, who, if he had none of the fiery zeal of his brother reformer, never betrayed the cause of reformation by his pusillanimity.

Notes on New Books.

Blackwood for May.—Messrs. Scott & Co. issued the May number of this popular Magazine with their usual promptness. It contains a capital article on M. de Tocqueville's last work, "Histoire Philosophique du Regne de Louis XV."; The fourth letter of the exceedingly interesting series on "the Truths contained in Popular Superstition," showing conclusively that there is more than is dreamt of in common philosophy, in the stories of ghost, vampires, and divining rods; "Belisarius—was he Blind?" in which the writer endeavours to prove that the Belisarius of History, and Fiction are two different persons. "Ancient and modern Ballad Poetry," and the usual number of good tales. From an article on the modern French Novelists, we copy the following good story for the special edification of those who trace the descent of the negro from the ape:

A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuffs, pry into everything—took the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" he began.

"I am, Sir," quietly replied M. Dumas, who had sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning fast.

"And may I inquire what your great grandfather was?"

"An ape, Sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape, Sir,—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture.—The June number of this valuable publication continues in the Library department, "The Book of the Farm." The portion of this work in this number, under the head of winter, treats of the rearing, feeding, driving, and slaughtering of cattle; and the treatment of farm horses. The last chapter is illustrated with plates of various straw-cutters. This book is one of great value to those engaged in the rearing of stock.—The next number of the Library commences the second and last volume.

The leading article in the Journal is one of great value and interest upon Indian corn. The editor estimates that the quantity of the corn crop for the present year, will be five hundred millions of bushels. He shows by facts and arguments the great loss to the farmers in the waste of cobs, and the careless use of blades, and urges upon them a greater attention to those two articles for fodder. By his estimate, of the correctness of which we have no doubt, the actual value of these articles, supposing the crop of corn for 1847 to be as just stated, would be at least $60,000,000. Yet probably nine-tenths of the mills of the country are without the proper machinery for grinding cobs, and they are of course entirely lost to the farmer for the purpose of fodder. Let any subscriber to the Journal who shall read this article of Mr. Skinner, induce the miller of his neighbourhood to add the needed machinery to his mill, at an expense of perhaps $50, and he would save to himself, and as many of his neighbours as he could induce to follow his example, probably twenty times the price of the Journal in a year.

The Journal for this month contains various other articles of value upon fattening cattle, sheep husbandry at the South, agriculture in Massachusetts, improved reapers, &c. &c.

The Water-Cure in Chronic Disease. By James M. Gully, M. D. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

We have often wished we had a hundred thousand dollars to spare for general purposes of benevolence, (we have not *quite* so much,) and we repeated our wish while reading this book. For we determined that one of the purposes to which said dollars should be applied, should be a cheap edition of this book for gratuitous distribution. We have never seen one that would have a more wholesome influence for the abolition of quacks, (in which we include, at least, nine-tenths of the "regular profession," and *ten*-tenths of their materia medica, as they use it,) or one that would have a more beneficial influence in spreading rational ideas of diseases and their cure. It is truly lamentable to see the darkness of ignorance that overspreads our community upon such subjects. The whole nation is a prey to the vilest of quacks, and that quack succeeds best, who makes the most absurd pretension, with the least foundation. We were once credibly informed, by one who professed himself an eye-witness, that the famous Dr. (!) Brandreth was actually obliged to add a steam-engine to his manufactory of "Universal Pills." Who can wonder that we have become a community where disease is the rule, and health the exception, or that so many fall into an early grave, and so many more linger out lives of incurable ill-health. Nature's diseases are almost always curable, if we will use nature's means—but when we have made an apothecary's shop of our stomach, absolutely destroyed the organs of our bodies with poisons, and weakened the springs of life with drugs, then nature has no longer any power to rally against disease, and an early death is often the patient's happiest fate.

We hold the "regular physicians" accountable, in a great measure, for this terrible state of things. The treatment of quacks is only an exaggeration, and hardly that, of their treatment, and it is getting to be pretty generally acknowledged, we believe, among the most honest and sensible of them, that their drugging system has been almost altogether a working in the dark, and that its results are almost infallibly, not a cure, but the substitution of a chronic one, and a life of ill-health, for a temporary complaint. We believe that calomel, opium, and the lancet, that fearful trinity of the old practitioners, have destroyed infinitely more patients than ever did nature's diseases—and destroyed them too, not quickly and suddenly in nature's merciful way, but by slow torments spread over a life of suffering and disease. If it were simply a question between two modes of death, we do not know but we should prefer the latter, but it is certainly a question whether nature has not provided means of cure.

We will give an illustration of our doctrine, abridged from the book before us:

"The lady whose case I now give is at present, twenty-nine years of age. Being at a boarding-school in the country, in her sixteenth year, she had, as girls in the growing age often have, a slight stomach disorder, an ordinary passing dyspepsia. She was inordinately dosed with medicine for it, upon which headache commenced, with pain in the right side. This last was treated as liver-disease, and enormous and incessant doses of calomel were administered in combination with strong purgatives; blisters were applied over and over again to the right side and kept open with tartar-emetic, cerate, and mercurial ointment was rubbed into the right side.—The headaches, which were destracting (no wonder) were treated by bleeding from the arm. Treatment on this plan was continued during *four years*, and long before their end, the simple indigestion had been converted into an inveterate chronic one, as may readily be conceived. Could the infatuation of drugging go beyond this? The sequel will show that it could.

"She left school with confirmed chronic dyspepsia. * * In an evil hour, on a slight increase of dyspeptic symptoms, the doctor was sent for. Drugging more violent than ever began. Every species of medicine was tried on her unfortunate stomach, and all in the strongest doses, until after eight months, the medical attendant declared he could do no more, *for he had gone through the entire Pharmacopœia.* * *

"After this assurance of having swallowed the whole Pharmacopœia, the lady's parent had faith enough to try the circle again, under another physician. By him the diet was reversed, and ordered to be highly animalized and concentrated. The strongest preparations of iron and powerful mineral acids, as well as other tonics, both mineral and vegetable were given to cure a stomach in the depths of inflammatory action.

This treatment did not succeed! and now again the diet was changed from flesh to fish. The physic was also changed, and strong alkalies substituted for strong acids. But we have not room for more. Suffice it to say that after having been first and last under the care of *twenty-two* physicians, this patient came to Malvern, where, though not wholly cured—for probably no earthly power could do that—she has been saved from 'organic disease of vital parts, to which she was fast hastening,' and restored to *comparative* health and that *enjoyment* of life, to which she had been so long a stranger."

This book has many accounts almost as bad as this, and they will seem extravagant only to those who are unacquainted with the extent to which the practice of drugging is carried amongst us. Certainly very few patients attain to the frightful number of two and twenty doctors, for they generally die long before that time comes—but we put it to every one a little acquainted through dire experience or otherwise with medical practice, whether such cases are not everywhere to be found. It is but a few days ago that we heard of a poor fellow injured on a railroad, to whom his physician, (we believe a regularly educated M. D.) gave by his own confession, in the short space of time before he died, salts, croton oil, and calomel, besides *bleeding* him. The man died of the *consequences* of his accident, of course—and this is but a specimen of a great deal of "regular treatment."

To these poor victims of drugs to whom no hope seemed left, as well as to others who have never been abused by them, a means of cure of wonderful efficacy has been discovered in the water-treatment. The time, we should think, has well-nigh gone by, when its cures can be traced to "rest, and freedom from care, and exercise, and simple diet," *alone*. There is something behind all this, and even the "faculty" will have to acknowledge that there is a *peculiar* efficacy in the water-treatment, which mere "exercise" and "bathing," will not account for.

This book of Dr. Gully's is valuable as being, so far as we know, the first scientific contribution in English, to the cause. Pamphlets by patients do very well to excite curiosity, and attract attention,—this book has higher claims. It is by a physician of much experience in the old practice, who has been honest and clear-sighted enough (rather a rare thing in an old practitioner) to see the value of the new treatment, and the murderous errors of the old. The book is writtten with a clearness, and good sense, and freedom from extravagant pretensions, which gives one a very favourable idea of its author. It is written with such clearness as to make it a very interesting book to the non-professional reader, and is filled with accounts of cases which have occurred in Dr. G.'s own practice, at Malvern, in England.

One thing has impressed us very much in the book. It is Dr. G.'s view of the origin of disease. He traces the source of almost all disease primarily to the *stomach*. If any are startled at this as a mere theory, we advise them to read the book. His argument is briefly this. The whole frame is made from the blood, and the blood proceeds from the food taken into the stomach. Now, from a diseased stomach, there must proceed vitiated chyme, from vitiated chyme, there can flow only vitiated blood, and from vitiated blood, only unhealthy deposits and diseased secretions. Hence, he views almost all the diseases of civilized life, scrofula, liver-complaint, dropsy, *consumption* even, as secondary results of diseased organs of digestion, and affirms that without this, most diseases would be reduced to simple and easily curable inflammations. We must refer the reader to the book for arguments by which he supports these views. In their application to some diseases, they are already universally admitted, in relation to others, consumption especially, they will be new to many, but we think they cannot fail to be convincing.—A.

A History of Rome, from the earliest times to the death of Commodus. By Dr. Leonard Schmitz, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

Dr. Schmitz has aimed at furnishing a history of Rome for the use of students in schools, which will be free from the gross errors common to all works of the kind now in use, and has availed himself of all the labours of the learned in that department of historical research since the publication of Niebuhr's first volume of his great work. What was once history is now regarded as fable, and the youth of the present generation will be better informed on the subject of Roman antiquities than the sages of the past age. The history of Dr. Schmitz will prove a valuable addition to the school library, and will soon become a recognized text book.—B.

New Illustrated Josephus. A new translation, by Rev. R. Naill, D. D. Part 1. Price 25 cts. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

The Works of Flavius Josephus, an entirely new translation, by the Rev. Robert Naill, D. D. With notes, &c. by Isaac Taylor, of Oregon. Accompanied by numerous steel engravings, &c. &c. &c. Genuine London edition. Part 1. Price one dollar. New-York: George Virtue: 1847.

By comparing these two publications of the same work together it will be readily perceived why one is sold so much cheaper than the other, and why American books generally are sold at a price so much below those at which the same works are published in England. Isaac Taylor expresses the belief that the price of the genuine edition of this work will be such as must discourage any attempt to give circulation to an imitated and spurious edition." But here is an edition, with all the illustrations, handsomely printed, and containing more matter, offered at one quarter of the price of the genuine edition. Yet looking at the quality of the illustrations, the beauty of the paper, and the elegance of the letter press, we are constrained to say that the dollar edition is the cheaper of the two; yet the other will answer all the purposes of information, and so will a blanket keep the cold from a lady's shoulders as effectually as a cashmere shawl, but those who can purchase the cashmere, will not be content with the blanket, and doubtless those who can pay for the genuine edition will not purchase the spurious one. The plates and medallions in the London edition are executed in the highest style of art, and printed on separate sheets of fine India paper, while the illustrations in the pirated edition are indifferently executed wood-cut imitations of those in the genuine edition. Dr. Naill was a benevolent and learned Episcopal minister in Ireland. He was rector of a church in Skibbereen, a parish that has been painfully notorious on this side of the Atlantic during the past six months from the sufferings of its wretched inhabitants. Dr. Naill is said to have been active and zealous in his efforts to alleviate the distresses of his starving parishioners; he used his own means to their full extent in feeding the hungry, and at length, worn out by his labours in the cause of humanity, his enfeebled frame became a prey to the disease which he had exerted himself to keep from others. He was attacked by the famine dysentery and died, and the profits of this work were to be appropriated for the benefit of his family. Mr. Taylor says: "A right-minded and right-feeling American public will no doubt give preference to an edition of this work which, while it is in every point undeteriorated, and which must be superior to any imitation, yields by its circulation in the United States, some advantage to the bereaved family of the noble-spirited and accomplished author." But Mr. Taylor has evidently very little experimental knowledge of a "right-feeling American public;" it is a public that does not acknowledge the right of an author to the control of his property, and was never yet known to pay any respect to an appeal in behalf of those whose productions they plunder. It is natural to hate those whom we wrong, and we Americans treat English authors precisely as we do the African race; we first plunder them and then pretend to despise them. People who rob men of themselves are not likely to be less scrupulous towards their property. If an English author has the presumption to claim the privilege of publishing one of his books in this country we treat him with precisely the same kind of contumely that we do a slave who dares to ask for his freedom. We have no desire to express a harsh word towards any individual publisher, on account of the villainous law of copyright, which authorizes the robbing of foreigners. We know that nearly all of our respectable publishers are opposed to the system, and see the evils which it inflicts upon ourselves, as well as the wrong it does to others. But the people look only to the cheapness of books, and will listen to no reformatory measure that promises to raise the price of their reading.—B.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Poplin-Weaver; Our Want. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); Spirit Lake; Geo. Fox's Death, &c. Anecdote; A Beautiful Prayer; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Peculiar Institution:* Colonial Slavery. *Pro-Slavery:* Practical Cruelty of Abolitionism; Spirit of the Boston Anniversaries—Movements of the Fanatics. *Selections:* The Liberty Party; Frederick Douglass; The work of Absorption; Dr. Putnam's Sermon, Liberty Party; Liberation of Slaves; Slavery in the Way. *Communications:* Letter from the Rev. Mr. Page.

SECOND PAGE.—Free Labour Produce; Thoughts after seeing and conversing with a slave who had just made his escape from Kentucky.

Married,

In Boston, May 30, in Chardon street Chapel, Rev. E. W. COFFIN, Pastor of the Universalist Society in Attleboro' and Miss MARY ELIZA WEBBER, of Boston.

At Plainfield Home, near York Springs, (Pa.) on the evening of the 20th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, WARNER TOWNSEND and RACHEL WRIGHT, all of Adams county.

Died,

On the 5th inst. at Dawn, Canada West, MRS. HANNAH MARIA, wife of HIRAM WILSON, in the 41st year of her age.

At Jamaica Plain, June 1, Rev. THOMAS GRAY, D. D. aged 75, a graduate at Harvard University in the class of 1790.

In Cranston, (R. I.) on Sunday, the 5th instant, Mr. HEZEKIAH WILLARD, aged 47 years, Collector of the port of Providence.

At Lambeth, near London, WILLIAM TIDD, Esq. Barrister at Law, author of the famous law-book, known as "Tidd's Practice," in his 87th year. Among his pupils were Lords Chancellors Lyndhurst, Cottenham, and Campbell, and the present Lord Chief Justice of England, Denman. At the time of his death he was the "Father land, Lord of the Profession."

In London, May 8th, Mr. JOHN READ, aged 87, the inventor of the stomach-pump, and other valuable inventions for medical and agricultural purposes.

At Vienna, April 30th, the Archduke CHARLES, of Austria, the celebrated antagonist of the revolutionary armies of France, under Jourdan and Moreau, and afterwards of Napoleon. The Archduke was in his 76th year.

At Paris, April 27th, Lord HENRY COWLEY, G. C. B. the youngest brother of the Duke of Wellington, aged 74. The deceased nobleman was distinguished for many years as a diplomatist, at the Courts of Madrid, Vienna, and Paris. For the greater part of his career he was known as Sir Henry Wellesley, being raised to the Peerage in 1828; when the country saw, for the first time, *four* brothers sitting in the House of Lords together, the Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Maryborough, and Lord Cowley; of whom the Duke alone now survives. Lord Cowley was married first to Lady Charlotte Cadogan, from whom he was divorced in 1810, and who married immediately afterwards, the Marquis of Anglesey; the Marquis having been divorced in the same year from *his* wife, Lady Caroline Villiers, who incontinently married the Duke of Argyll. His Lordship married, secondly, Lady Georgiana Cecil, daughter of the first Marquis of Salisbury.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Late from Mexico.

Gen. Scott's advance upon the Capital. Gen. Taylor moving in the same direction. Exciting rumors. Resignation of Santa Anna.

FREDERICKSBURG, June 14th, 1847.

The New Orleans Picayune extra, issued at noon, 7th instant, announces the arrival of the steamship New Orleans from Vera Cruz, 1st instant. She touched at the Brazos on the 4th instant.

Gen. Scott had left Jalapa at the head of six thousand troops. Gen. Twiggs and his division entered Puebla on the 29th. It was not positively known, but supposed, that Gen. Scott would advance on the capital with his present force. Authentic news has been received that Santa Anna had resigned the Presidency on the 28th, but it was not known whether Congress had accepted the resignation or not.

Santa Anna commenced fortifying Guadalupe in person, and Mojicaezingo, near the suburbs, but unusual disapprobation was manifested, and his resignation followed. It was believed that his resignation would be accepted, and Herrera nominated. About three thousand troops were collected at the capital.

Exciting rumors prevailed at Vera Cruz, from Puebla, to the effect that the citizens had risen upon Gen. Worth, and cut off [six or seven hundred of his men. The rumor is in every man's mouth, and much evidence given to support it.

The murder of Col. Sour's party, officers and men, is confirmed. A wagon-master and a quarter-master's clerk, named Lathrope, supposed to have been murdered between Camargo and Monterey, are prisoners in the city of Mexico.

Suspicions are entertained at Jalapa of an attempt to retake the place. Farther robberies have been perpetrated between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, and the Rancheo force on the route is estimated at five hundred.

A private letter from Jalapa says that Col. Lawrence, bearer of dispatches, and one of his escort, were killed on the Vera Cruz road. This doubtless is a mistake for Sour.

Part of Col. Doniphan's force had arrived at Saltillo. The whole force was expected in a few days. A speedy movement of Gen. Taylor on San Luis Potosi was spoken of and expected daily.

General Items.

Negro Stampede.—The Covington Ky. Register learns on good authority that a stampede occurred among the negroes at and near Maysville, a few days ago. Five or six of the number, belonged to a prominent and influential member of the Northern Methodist church at Maysville. And it is also understood that a distinguished preacher of that denomination was at the gentleman's house at the time his negroes left.

Grace Greenwood (Miss S. J. Clark) we observed by the Dispatch, has been recently married. We hope she may be as happy as a queen—for she deserves to be much more happy. She is now Mrs. Barker.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

Singular and Distressing Affair.—A highly respectable gentleman of this city, says the Baltimore Clipper, who transacted a mercantile business on the wharf, was taken sick and died, as was supposed, a short time since. Being a native ot an adjoining city, his wife and friends desired to inter his remains there, and his body was accordingly placed in a coffin and conveyed to that city.—When the coffin arrived, it was opened, in order to transfer the remains to a more suitable one which had been prepared for final interment. When the lid was removed, the body was found lying upon the face, which upon examination was bruised. A moisture was observed upon the skin, and on close examination, it was found that the vital spark had not yet fled. All the restoratives that the best medical skill could devise were used, and the man was actually revived, and lived for two days afterwards, before the "spirit departed unto Him who gave it." No doubt was entertained here of the decease; and the feelings of relatives and friends at such a discovery cannot be for one moment imagined. We were first disposed to doubt the truth of the affair, but we have been assured, on the most indubitable authority, that the melancholy facts are correct.—*Gospel Banner.*

Branding.—Some time since it was stated that a slave boy at Cape Giradeau, Missouri, had been branded on the face with the words "a slave for life." An editor at St. Louis having doubted the story, a correspondent of the Reveille, writing from Giradeau, clinches it as follows:—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

"If the editor wants proof of it, if he comes down here he can *see* the boy, the fiend who did the damnable deed, and, if necessary, have their names in full. They both live here; the man who did it is an *Englishman!* It would seem, that, although they were willing the act should be done, still they do not like the public to know it, but dare not deny it; and if they do not look sharp, more will appear on the subject. The owner of the boy is a man of wealth, and all are surprised that he would have such an act done, as he has been looked upon hitherto as a man of good feelings, and a good master and good citizen."

Negro Election and Row.—The coloured population of New London County, Conn. assembled on the 11th ult. at the usual place of holding their annual election of Governor and Lieut. Governor, at a tavern on the road leading from Norwich to New London. Here they were assaulted by a gang of roudies from Norwich, who put the entire negro collection to rout, breaking up the meeting, and attacking everything that came in their way.

Abduction Extraordinary.—In the Court of Common Pleas for Strafford County, N. H. Dr. Hiram Gove has obtained a verdict for $437.50 against Azariah Pearl, for abducting the plaintiff's daughter from Rochester. The mother, Mrs. Mary S. Gove, is the celebrated lecturer, and separated from the doctor at Lynn in 1842, because they were not united in soul, as was proved by "perpetual antagonism and discord." They were both of the Society of Friends, but Mrs. G. was excommunicated in 1839. The father had taken the daughter from the mother, and the action was brought against Pearl, because he assisted in restoring her to Mrs. Grove, with whom she now resides in New-York city, being fifteen years old.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

Morals of New York.—The Express gives an abstract of the semi-annual Report of the Chief of the Police in this city. The number of arrests and violations of the city ordinances are as follows:

The number of destitute beings who have found lodgings in the various station houses was 19,000; the number of lost children found, 700; rescued from drowning, 58. If the Chief of Police does not labour under any mistake, the department over which he presides is not only without a single flaw, but a perfect miracle of good management. We hope that such is the case; but "all men are mortal." The number of houses of ill fame in this Christian city is 994; number of abandoned women, 2483; number of resorts for thieves, 76; disorderly houses, 86; gambling houses, 55; mock auctions, 11; junk shops, 215; pawn brokers, 31; number of complaints preferred against the policemen during the last six months was 200; 53 restored; 93 suspended, and only 54 dismissed.

The Slave Hunt.—The slaveholders who passed through this place two weeks ago to capture some "property" at Randolph, are said to have been most signally defeated. They found, in the house of a coloured man, their alleged fugitives, but had to endure the mortification of returning without them, after a personal interview with them of an hour or two, in the house of a coloured family.

The house was soon besieged by four or five score of good-natured Yankees, who came up *whittling* and *whistling* till every avenue was literally blockaded: and the strangers, as soon they had summoned chivalry sufficient to face the formidable army without, quietly took their seats in their vehicles, and amid the cheers of the multitude, joined by the unawed fugitives, moved off in the direction of the "Old Dominion" at a much better speed than they came. Thus ended a bloodless and very profitless, but truly ludicrous and interesting slave-hunt.—*Salem, Ohio, Register.*

A Quaker Turned Roman Catholic.—On Thursday, the 4th of March, baptism, according to the Roman ritual, was conferred by Dr. Brown, of Wales, and afterward confirmation, upon Mr. Jabez Marriage Gibson, till then a member of the Society of Friends. Mr. Gibson has spent a considerable time in Eastern travel, and brought with him from the Jordan the water which was used in his baptism. Two years since he met at the house of a common friend, near Rome, the present Pope, then Cardinal Archbishop, Bishop of Imola, and discussed with him topics of religion.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Desperate Fellows.—A few mornings since, our quiet village was thrown into quite an excitement by the intelligence that a gang of runaways was held at bay a few miles off, who had bid defiance to their pursuers, and refused to be taken alive. A company of some twenty or thirty men, all "eager for the fray," at once hastened to the scene of operations, where they found three desperadoes, defeated and disarmed. A few young men had pursued them a short distance with dogs, when they took a stand, and prepared to give battle. They were armed with scythe-blades, and, on being approached, they brandished their weapons, and swore they would not surrender. They were fired upon repeatedly, without effect, and as often would they rush upon their pursuers and force them to give back, notwithstanding their advantage in arms and ammunition. Nor did they suffer themselves to be taken until their leader was completely disabled, and another of the number severely, and the third slightly wounded. The captain truly was a desperate fellow. To the last, he was unsubdued; and although lying helpless on the ground, with one arm shattered, two shots in his head, and several in different parts of his body, he still urged his comrades not to surrender. The recovery of this fellow is doubtful. The others were not dangerously wounded.

This affair occurred among us last week, and although it may be regarded as a most unparalleled outrage, on the part of the negroes concerned, yet we hear nothing said about prosecuting the offenders. We have no desire to see the owners of these slaves put in a position where they may be compelled to give up their property. But we do think that the good of society, and a due regard for the laws of the land, require that such cases should be brought before a tribunal of justice. These were not merely runaway negroes, and as such, answerable for their offence to their masters only; but they were public offenders, outlaws—bearing bloody weapons for unlawful purposes, and absolutely using them with intent to kill. If this case does not demand legal investigation, we know not where we shall ever find one that does. It touches, it is true, the owners of the negroes, in a tender point—and for this we are sorry; but we really think we have no more right to let the matter rest where it is, than if those formidable scythe-blades had taken off the head of a peaceable citizen.—*Lagrange (Ga.) Chattahooche.*

Abolition of Slavery in the French West India Islands.—M. Ledru-Rollin presented, on the 26th of last month, to the French Chamber of Deputies a memorial, coming from St. Pierre, (Martinique,) praying for the immediate abolition of Slavery. Of the signers, more than half are among the slave proprietors.—*Worcester Spy.*

An Honourable Deed.—The Hartford Central Association of Congregation Ministers, at their annual meeting held at Bristol on the 1st inst. did themselves the honour to appoint Rev. J. W. Pennington, a coloured man and the pastor of the coloured Church (Congregational) in this city, Moderator for the ensuing year.—*Charter Oak.*

A Noble Act.—It is said that the late Gen. Dromgoole left his entire estate, with the exception of a few friendly legacies, to the children of the lamented Digger, who, ten years ago, fell by his hand in a duel.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

David L. Child, in an article in the Hampshire Herald says that, "Mr Robert C. Winthrop, in one of his latest speeches, declared in his place that if suitable modifications were made in the Tariff of 1846, he, and he thought he might answer for his friends, they, would vote all needful supplies for prosecuting the war." We do n't believe this, and should like to see Mr. Child attempt to prove it.—*Lowell Journal.*

ANKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from May 29th, to June 12th, 1847.

Herman Bissell, Litchfield, Ct.	$1	00
Henry A. Cutter, Holliston, Mass.	2	00
John A. Russell, Leicester, "		50
Luther M. King, South Wilbraham, Mass.	1	00
Robt. W. Hoar, " "		50
Albert F. Nichols, Palmer, "		50
Wm. I. Bowditch, Boston,	2	00
Caroline J. Wiggin, Swampscot, "		50
Francis Jackson, Boston, "	1	00
Henry Myrick, Charlestown, "	1	00
Nathan Banks, Haviland Hollow, N. Y.	1	00
Seth Rogers, New-York,	1	00
Experience Stebbins, Wilbraham, Mass.	1	00
John C. Fernald, Boston, "	1	00
S. W. Dudley, " "	1	00
James Whitehouse, Dover, N. H.	3	80
Asa Davis, Peterborough, "	3	00
Fanny Smith, " "	1	00
Daniel Kelsey, Wellsboro', Pa.	1	00
David Wait, Denmark, N. Y.	1	00
John O. Lovett, Hingham, Mass.	1	00
Joseph Post, N. Hempstead, N. Y.	1	00
George Alden, Dedham, Mass.	1	00
Susan Guild, "	1	00
Austin Bryant, "	1	00
Sophia Guild, "	1	00
Timothy Phelps, "	1	00
Dr. S. S. Whitney, "	1	00
Dr. D. P. Wight, "	1	00
Ezra W. Sampson, "	1	00
Nathaniel Clapp, "	1	00
Jeremiah F. Richards, "	1	00
Wm. D. Ticknor, Boston, Mass.	1	00
Wm. H. Channing, "	1	00
J. S. Dennis, "	1	00
Nancy Babcock, Berlin, Mass.	1	00
George Carpenter, Uxbridge, Mass.	1	00
George Bracket, Concord, N. H.	1	00
Dr. J. M. Harper, Canterbury, N. H.		50
S. B. Foster, "		50
S. A. Morrill, "		50
Ethan A. Albee, Leicester, Mass.	1	00
Clark Aldrich, Upton, "	1	00
Francis Clough, Worcester, "	1	00
John Adams, Canadice, N. Y.	1	00
Joseph Sanburn, Scottsburg, N.Y.	1	00
Francis Armstrong, "	1	00
Joseph Wemett, Hemlock Lake, N. Y.	1	00
Isaiah Francis, North Bristol, "	1	00
Hall & Baxter, Bristol Centre, "	1	00
John Woolston, E. Mendon, "	1	00
E. Walcott, Rochester, "	1	00
Samuel Bowen, Thompson, Ct.	1	00
James Bates, Lottsville, Pa.	1	00
John Whitley, "	1	00
Stephen Taggart, Sugar Grove, Pa.	1	00
Lazarus Wilson, Cleveland, O.	1	00
Enoch Hebard, Randolph, Vt.	1	00
Sampson Bullard, Littleton, N. H.	1	00
	60	30

Total Amount, $60 03.

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have decided to prosecute their labours still more vigorously in this State the present year.

The invaluable services of E. D. Hudson, Charles Lenox Remond and Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave, have already been secured, and they will commence the campaign on the First of August. Our old and well-tried friend, William W. Brown will return to our aid on the first of December. In addition to these our distinguished friends William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum have engaged to spend from the 14th, to the 28th of September, inclusive, in our State, and a particular notice of the time and place of their meetings will be given through the columns of the Standard in due time.

Other able and efficient agents can easily be secured if we can find the means to sustain them and keep their families in bread. Austin Steward, whose untiring exertions have done much in extending the circulation of the Standard, will continue his labours. During the past year a large number of subscribers have been secured to this paper in our State. To those who read it, it is only necessary to say that the same arrangements which have made it the best paper in the State the last year will be continued. Its editor and contributors need no eulogy from my pen. Their past labours are their highest praise and sure earnest of the future. With your hearty cooperation we intend to more than double the subscription list this year. It can be done. Will you give us your aid? Will "every man work over against his own house?" Let us try the experiment, friends. Every effort to do good at least blesses him who makes it, and gives him greater strength for every successive effort.

A large portion of the funds expended last year were received from out the State. This year our own friends of the cause will be, and are, urged to contribute much more largely, and the Society confidently expects that they will do it willingly and cheerfully. Is it a time to falter now? The SLAVE still groans, and bleeds, and dies. Murderous marauders are still plundering unhappy Mexico, and brutally and ruthlessly killing her defenceless women and children, in the name of a wicked and slaveholding Government, for the purpose of extending and strengthening the unhallowed system of Slavery.

Many of the popular political presses which have in the strongest possible terms denounced the annexation of Texas and its results as unconstitutional, diabolical, and infamous, are now diligently seeking to push the country to the climax of infamy, by shamelessly foisting the name of Zachary Taylor, a man who, by his actions, and position is at the present moment the most perfect incarnation and embodiment of Slavery and slaveholding wars of any man living—before the American people as a suitable candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He is indeed *the* man of all others for that office while the country remains as it is—but the people are beginning to be awakened by the course of the South relative to the "Wilmot Proviso"—their conscience is on our side and there is no time to be lost. Let them have the Truth. Give them the light. The evil is of too radical and deep-seated a character to yield to any ordinary appliances—nothing short of Revolution and Dissolution will ever eradicate it. Let us work then with

"Those mild arms of Truth and Love
Made mighty by the Living God,"

to bring about these results, and rid our land of the foul crime. Your friend,

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Gen. Ag't.*

American A. S. Society for State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 6mo. 11, 1847.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will meet at Princeton, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday. Stephen S. Foster and William W. Brown have both engaged to be present. Of S. S. Foster's hearty and bold advocacy of the slave's cause, we here say nothing; nor to any who has heard him, of Mr. Brown's eloquent plea for the millions of his countrymen in Slavery. He has served a regular apprenticeship under the patriarchal institution, twenty-one years. How fitting the day!—not to celebrate hypocritically a liberty only in name, but to make real that liberty to all the inhabitants of the land! On Sunday, the day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound!

We hope to meet a strong array of the true friends of God and Humanity.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

THEODORE P. LOCKE, *Secretary.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the PRINCIPLE of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NRW-YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion' and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

COMING WEST.

Our friends in the West will be rejoiced to hear, that (accidents not preventing) Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum will be at the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society in August, and remain in the West a few weeks.

Parker Pillsbury hopes to attend a first of August meeting in Ohio, and remain some time with us; and Frederick Douglass, in company with Charles Lenox Remond, will attend the anniversary, and visit several other places before they return.

SAMUEL BROOKE, *Gen. Agt.*

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that

Poetry.

From Starkey's "Theoria."

THE POPLIN-WEAVER.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

I 'm loth to awake ye, Art, my dear!
But the steps of a stranger are drawing near:
Up the ricketty stair they come,
Making, I think, for our wretched room:
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

See daylight has lit on the window-sill—
Art! is it you to be slumbering still?
Ye know that at last we must quit or pay,
Though ye did n't expect the distress to-day!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

At the door! oh, a month to make up what 's due
The landlord he knows, Art, your word is true;
If he saw how we strive, he 'd put off the sale:
'T was the will of God that the trade should fail!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

In days gone by it was Ireland's pride
To be decked in the web that our looms supplied—
Those were the times, Art, ye took me home,
And told me that love would make business come,
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

It 's hunger, Art, that has made ye weak—
What can I think of, your fast to break?
Here, Art, here is my wedding-ring—
The lodgers will lend on the blessed thing!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

God forgive me! my heart is torn
To drag ye from bed this bitter morn;
The bed that they 're coming to seize and sell—
Where I 've nursed and prayed by ye, sick and well!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

How silent he sleeps! not a stir, or breath!
Poor famishing husband, you 're worked to death!
At the shuttle before and after the sun—
And a morsel of meal when the day is done!
Rise, Art, rise! the last shilling 's spent—
Art, it 's the Sheriff—the rent—the rent!

Dead! Oh! my God! it is over at last—
The wearisome struggle is past—is past!—
The heavens be praised! 't is n't you need fear—
'T is your widow that 's desolate, husband, dear!
Rise, Art, rise! to the happy skies,
Where the tear is wiped from the poor man's eyes!

OUR WANT.

In the morning, in the night time,
In the brightness of the day,
One hope is in my bosom,
One beacon guides my way;
I am thinking, ever thinking,
How a woman's heart or hand
Might bring justice to the people
And freedom to the land.

Were it out upon the highway,
To toil the livelong day—
Were it all the night unceasing,
To kneel, and weep, and pray—
Were it every pang to suffer,
And every bliss to flee,
By the heart within my bosom,
'T would break or set thee free.

My soul is all unresting,
And maddened with the pain—
The sunny life that left it
Will never come again;
When all are smiling round me,
My heart keeps sad and sore,
For the fetters weigh me down, as
I never felt before.

In the morning, in the night time,
In the fullness of the noon,
A voice is thrilling through me—
"It cometh late or soon."
Oh! never doubt the warning,
It cometh soon or late;
But the famine thins our millions,
While the triumph we await.

Kneel down beside me, brethren—
United let us pray—
Whatever shrine we bow to,
One grief is ours to-day—
Before the God of nations,
Let a nation's soul expand
In one burst of wild imploring
For the freedom of the land.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER X.

The unfortunate city was all in an uproar as Vincent hastened through it on his way to the Government Palace. The deep stillness of the night had given place to the din of a battle, whose murderous sounds already filled many of the streets. The light of the moon, which still rested on the high walls of the arsenal, was eclipsed by the lightning flashes of the heavy artillery; cannon shots came from the forts, and some of the ships of the fleet seemed about to keep up a regular fire in return. The piercing shrieks of women and children, which burst from the closed dwellings, the single scattered groups of soldiers running to their several places of rendezvous, the authoritative voice of officers, the militia and National Guard, some of whom hesitated, while others were eager to seize arms,—all mingled with horsemen dashing through the streets, with fugitives and the wounded, formed a scene of fearful confusion.—Mulattoes and blacks were seen looking out of the houses, pouring forth shouts and execrations. The marks of joy in their faces were plainly visible, for it was now whites in arms against whites, and the day of vengeance had dawned. The mulattoes saw well their advantage. They gathered together, rushed to arms, and fought bravely for the Commissaries, who fired their zeal by promises, while they gave them the opportunity of slaking their thirst for the blood of their white oppressors.

The nearer Vincent approached the centre of the city, the greater became the crowd, and the nearer he found himself to the scene of the conflict. From the water crowded forward heavy columns of assailants, sailors and marines, who were joined by the militia and National Guard, and the Creole planters and bands of the rabble, and a few officers and regulars. They were armed with muskets, pistols, sabres, pikes, grapnels, and axes, and they inflamed one another with their naval shouts, which sounded now and then above the din of the fight. In one place dwellings were attacked, muskets and pikes were crossed, and hearths were stained with blood, and scenes of cannibal ferocity were enacted. Then, again, a troop of the assailants would be driven back, and victory swayed to and fro. Streets were won and lost, but gradually the sailors and Creoles seemed to be gaining the advantage. They kept steadily advancing, and the doubtful and hesitating were rapidly swelling their ranks, and a cry of victory rent the air, as, upon the lofty walls of the arsenal, crowds of sailors began to appear, with General Galbaud at their head. From this moment the advantage was on the side of Galbaud, and night only prevented the continuance of the fight.

The assailants took up their head quarters in the arsenal. Here the Galbaud's were busy in planting the batteries with heavy artillery, in collecting arms and ammunition, and in establishing as much order as possible among their adherents. Charmilly, Domingo, Jumecourt, and many brave Creoles, had joined them, and several officers of the old regiment of Artois. The Adjutant-General, Galbaud, whom the Commissaries had divested of his dignity, but who nevertheless maintained his post with all the pertinacity of youth, and Captain de Beaumont, were the most active and able leaders. They had devised this new conflict, and arranged all the measures by which the rest of the city and the Government Palace were to fall into their hands. Messengers and agents were, in the meanwhile, sent out to the other wavering regiments of the line to induce them to give in their adhesion to Galbaud, and they met everywhere, at the barracks and places of rendezvous, the agents of the Commissaries, who spared neither commands, entreaties or promises to win the soldiers to their side. The majority of the military were, however, greatly inclined to remain neutral. They looked upon the matter as a personal conflict between the General and Commissaries, and were in great doubt to which party they should accord the right. Only a few took sides, swayed by their officers, and this increased the general confusion.—Companies and parties of the same regiment were in arms against one another, and their friends looked on with indifference. The Commissaries, on the other hand, had applied themselves with great effect to the coloured population. In this quarter they met with the greatest devotion and entire confidence, and the more the National Guards and the Creoles flocked to the assailants, the mulattoes became more zealous and determined in their adhesion to the Commissaries, who kept possession of the Government Palace and the adjoining streets with the greatest bravery.

In the interior of the palace, a number of spirited officers were gathered around the Commissaries, with Generals La Veaux and Lasalle at their head. Aids were going to and fro, and all sorts of negotiations were carried on, and the morning was just breaking upon the city as Vincent arrived at the Palace, on his return from a last attempt to win the soldiery. As he entered, Santonax approached him full of expectation. "Well, Citizen Vincent," said he, "do they perceive that they will serve their country by helping to protect her delegates?"

"It is all in vain," replied the officer, hastily. "I have accomplished only one thing. They will not permit the Deputies of the nation to suffer any ill treatment, and they invite them to betake themselves to the army, who will conduct them in safety to the heights of the Cape."

"Let us die, my brother!" exclaimed Polverel, "die in the discharge of our duties. Our country will avenge us!"

Vincent drew Santonax aside. "Citizen Commissary," said he, "you would do well to appoint Citizen Polverel as speedily as possible to the command of our force. The assailants are preparing for a general attack, and their batteries may at any moment overwhelm this building with a shower of balls."

"If we go," said Santonax, gloomily, "there remains to us the help which you have mentioned, Citizen Vincent. I have spoken of it with Polverel, but he shrinks from it. To call in the aid of Pierrot's black bands. I tremble myself at the thoughts of it."

"I have sought out Macaya, according to your command, Citizen Commissary, replied Vincent.—"He is here, and awaits your will."

"Take him in charge," cried Santonax, quickly. "It must be so, if these wretches will not do their duty. If the villains will have the punishment, well then, they shall have it. You are right, Citizen Vincent, we must gain the heights of the Cape, and there decide."

An hour later the Commissaries were in safety. Surrounded by the troops of the line, they saw the sun rise, and below them all was in motion for a renewal of the fight. The Commissaries walked up and down, earnestly engaged in conversation, and Santonax appeared in vain to endeavour to bring his associate to some energetic measures.

"Have you thought it all over, brother," replied Polverel, gloomily." I am filled with horror at the extremes to which we have come, we have all done much to be forgiven. The streets down there are filled with dead and wounded, our brothers, our friends, our fellow-citizens. No, a thousand times no! I will not, I cannot approve the course you propose. The black savages are, it is true, French citizens, as you say, but they are blood-thirsty, inhuman devils, who will hunt the victors as well as the vanquished with equal ferocity, and who think of nothing but blood, and fire, and rapine, and we shall bring upon ourselves the abhorrence of the world."

"And what will you do," said Santonax, coldly, "will you die like a coward? These soldiers will draw their swords in our behalf, if we conquer, but if Galbaud once gets possession of the place, it will be considered a judgment of Heaven, and we may esteem ourselves lucky if they only send us off to France, where easily enough——" and here he drew his forefinger across his throat, fixing a penetrating look on his associate. He then resumed.—"The conqueror has the right on his side. Let the woe fall on the heads of the wretches. There must be a fearful purification of the land, if Virtue is to reign. I feel as you do, but I see no alternative."

"We will negotiate," said Polverel. But Santonax instantly replied with dissenting gesture. "Whoever negotiates confesses his weakness and is already half lost."

"Whoever offers peace," returned Polverel, warmly, "is oftentimes the more sure of victory. He gets opinion on his side, and the mischief that follows the rejection of the offer, justly falls on the head of his opponent who refuses reconciliation."

The suggestion seemed to have some weight with Santonax. "I fear, however," said he, "that it will be too late, they will not trust us."

"My son shall go as our ambassador to them," said Polverel, eagerly. "We will propose oblivion of the past, peace and union in the name of the country, return to duty, and an appeal to the Convention."

"Try it," said Santonax, with a faint and melancholy smile. "I will make no opposition, but I know this Galbaud."

Polverel was full of hope, and in a few moments his youthful and light-minded son was seen on his way to the arsenal, accompanied by two trumpeters of the Government Guard. He had drawn his sword, and attached his white handkerchief to its point, and was waving it in the morning wind. "There he goes," exclaimed Polverel, looking after him with parental admiration. "Young and blooming as I was once, and how bravely has he fought! He has gone with the most joyful alacrity. He will be a messenger of peace, he knows how to talk, and touch the heart, yes, that he understands, he understands it, the young rogue."

In the midst of his exulting speeches, he suddenly fell silent, for a single look at what took place at this moment, at the gate of the arsenal, turned his joy into anguish, for the young ambassador and his companions were instantly seized and overpowered by armed men, the white flag was torn down by rude hands, it disappeared, and when next seen, it flying in tatters through the air. With the yell of derision, which, for a moment drowned every other noise, suddenly mingled the roar of the batteries of the arsenal. Other batteries, which had been prepared upon the slopes, during the night, poured a shower of canister into the long straight streets and upon the Government Palace, which instantly became the point of a cross fire, and thus in a moment the delusive hope of peace vanished. The conflict began with renewed violence, and every prospect of union disappeared.

With countenance deadly pale, Polverel gazed at the point where his son had vanished. Then he pressed his hands, clenched together, to his face, and uttered a deep groan. Thus he stood for awhile, his hands gradually relaxing, and dropping to his sides, while large tears rolled over his rigid cheeks.

"Inhuman wretches," he exclaimed. "He was so beautiful, so young, so full of hope. O my son, I, I myself have sacrificed you." Then he seized Santonax by the hand, and gasping with rage, he shouted: "You were right, only too truly right, but down with the traitors, down with the crazy scoundrels! at any price. Away, fling open the prisons, arm the slaves, call in our coloured friends. Citizen Vincent! bring up your auxiliaries, bring up the black citizens, call Macaya, I will speak with him myself."

"He has gone," said Vincent, looking at Santonax.

"He is already on the way," replied the latter, "to bring us help. When I saw the result of your unfortunate attempt, and the fight was renewed, I did not hesitate a moment."

Animated by patriotism, and the thirst of vengeance, Polverel now hastened to the groups of mulattoes, who, following his call, rushed on with desperate bravery to storm the batteries, which were throwing their shot at the Government Palace.—Heaps of corpses were piled up by the grapeshot, but the guns were silenced, and not one of those who worked them escaped with life. A contest unprecedented for fury, rose in the streets. The sailors and marines broke in the doors of houses, to defend themselves therein, but in the quarter of the Government Palace were numerous cabarets and grocery stores, filled with rum and liquors. Soon the battle, in spite of all the efforts of the officers, became a frantic bacchanal. Drunken men staggered about with huge bottles, amidst shouts and laughter, and were slaughtered by the furious mulattoes. In vain did Captain Beaumont endeavour to restore order. He was shot down. In vain did the younger Galbaud drive his men out of the houses and collect them for a decisive assault. His troops were cut in pieces, he himself was thrown down wounded, and taken prisoner, and at this moment a thick disordered mass of negroes were seen pouring over the fortifications into the city, and with an indiscribable yell of savage fury bearing down and slaughtering every thing that resisted them.

In a few moments the bloody conflict in the streets was decided. Six thousand demons threw themselves upon the combatants, and the drunken, they dashed into the houses, murdered, plundered, panting for blood and booty, and almost at the same moment they are before the arsenal, where General Galbaud sees them, appearing as if by magic, clambering up the walls. Their terrible howl drowns even the thunder of the cannon their bloody trophies, their unheard of, inhuman cruelties paralyze all resistance.

The General, but a few moments before, confident of victory, sees his men grow pale and tremble.—"The negroes!" cried a shrill voice. "Jean Francois and all his bands! Save yourselves! Save yourself who can!" cried ten and a hundred others. At this moment death, with icy hand, clutched at every heart. The cannoniers forsook their guns, the soldiers leaped from the walls, the officers deserted their General, and he himself rushed in breathless haste down towards the shore. A wail of distress went through the unhappy city, the howl of the negroes rolled through all the streets, and through all the houses, and vain were it to attempt to describe the cruelty with which thousands upon thousands were destroyed; women run shrieking with their children to the sea, and plunged into the waves to escape the yelling savages at their heels; whole crowds fell under the blows of axes and clubs, while others perished with slow and ingenious tortures. Galbaud himself was unable to reach his boat. He threw away his sword and hat, leaped into the water, and swam until he was taken up. But many were more fortunate, and yet their distress knew no bounds. They reached the boats, secured the protection of the ships, and here the father sought in vain his children, the wife her husband, the forsaken child its mother. Everywhere tears streamed and shrieks arose, and frantic was the agony of those who, but a short distance from the shore, saw their dearest friends cut down, dragged along, and expiring in tortures, without ability to help them, until at last, overcome by rage and despair, some of the vessels without regard to the fugitives of their own party, opened a furious fire against the shore, and drove back the negroes. In the midst of these scenes of cruelty here and there bloody combats were acted, and suddenly a pillar of fire arose, and here and there from one end of the city to the other flames burst forth. The negroes had plundered the magazines, their lean, demoniac figures, wasted by misery and hunger, were laden with all sorts of booty, the negro women and children fell upon the dying, maimed and mangled them savagely, tearing the clothes from the bleeding bodies. In a brief space, they became intoxicated with their triumphs, and strong liquors, huge barrels of which they rolled out into the streets, rioting in the possession and enjoyment of their favourite drink. Then a new fury for plunder and blood would seize them, and they plunged anew into the fire sea which, fanned by a fresh wind, spread everywhere with fearful rapidity. The whole city became a hell, with ten thousand devils revelling therein. Whenever a cry arose, thither they rushed, not to rescue, but only to increase the torments of the tortured, to exult in them, and to make death more horrible, and more than once, walls of houses fell in and buried both the victims and the executioners.

The fleet lay in bright daylight on the bloody sea. In the three hundred and forty ships, which belonged to all nations, more than ten thousand souls had found refuge, most of whom had escaped with only their lives. Only the more prudent had taken timely thought of escape, and carried with them at least what they possessed in gold and jewels, others had deemed it prudent to send their slaves on board the ships to prevent them from taking arms, and they now swelled the crowd of fugitives, and were objects of abhorrence and hatred. Galbaud found himself on board the ship of the line Jupiter with the prisoner, Admiral Cambis and here, in an agony of distress, he considered what was to be done.

The Commissaries, too, after the first flush of victory, had their fears, and they took instant care that the arsenal should be occupied with troops of the line, in order that a point might be secured to hold in check the hordes of their allies.

Here, while they were surrounded by the brave mulattoes, a messenger from Galbaud appeared with a letter. Santonax read it, and, handing it to Polverel, observed: "You are the father, do what you should; I consent to anything."

Polverel gazed at the letter, and then broke out into a cry of joy. "He lives," cried he, "my son, he is saved!" Then he looked again at the letter and read aloud: "Among the prisoners whom I made yesterday, is the son of Citizen Polverel. My brother has fallen into the hands of the blood-thirsty devils who burn and plunder the city. It lies equally in the interest of Citizen Polverel to receive his son again, as it lies in mine to have my brother rescued. I propose to you this exchange."

For a moment Polverel sought in silence to keep back with his hands the tears which gushed involuntarily from his eyes. It was known how fondly he loved the youth, and how his heart had been bowdown by the thought of his loss Suddenly he raised himself up, his chest heaved, his eye flashed, but speak he could not. His voice was choked, despair painted itself in his features, and then the stubborn power of an old hero, of the friend of Robespierre, of the enthusiastic republican, which he endeavoured with difficulty to maintain, returned. In quick and broken accents he sought to speak, and strove to subdue his excitement: "I idolize my son, but he is a citizen of France. I feel all the agony of my position and his—let him die, I sacrifice him to the republic. No, I will not destroy his glory, I will not injure his memory! My son was made prisoner, when he was carrying words of peace to the rebels. Galbaud has fallen into our power with weapons in hand; fighting against the Deputies of France.—The case is different—but whatever may be the fate of my son, go, citizen! tell General Galbaud, I will never consent to give for him the life of a rebel.

Exhausted he fell upon the shoulders of his associate, who embraced him with looks of sympathy and admiration. "I cannot and will not prevent you," said Santonax. "Your act is noble, and worthy of the republic, but I may weep with you."

And all wept. The men whose hands were still clotted with human blood, the savage mulattoes even, who had slaughtered women and children without mercy, they trembled and bowed before this act of heroism. Such is the influence of great deeds, such as Rome and the French Revolution produced, that they filled the hearts of men with awe of that transcendent greatness before which the spirit bows in homage. Many of the mulattoes raised their hands as in an act of adoration, others leaped forward, smote their breasts, and cried, "Commissary, take a hundred of us, send us on board the fleet, ask your son back, and tell General Galbaud he may wreak his rage on us. It must be sweeter to him to shed our blood, for we alone have fought against him, than to keep prisoner or murder without cause an innocent man."

But nothing could induce Polverel to be false to his decision. All the efforts of Galbaud to regain his brother were repulsed, every attempt at reconciliation was rejected; and when the Commissaries threatened to pour a shower of hot balls from the forts and batteries of the harbour on the fleet, Galbaud shrunk from a renewal of the fight.

The next morning the fleet silently set sail.—No glad cheers of sailors were heard. No song at the raising of the anchors, no joyful parting cry from masts and yards; an indescribable sorrow filled all the air. The sun shone brightly on the smoking ruins, upon which herds of greedy blacks appeared busy with plunder, but it shone also on the lovely green fields, the plains, valleys, and mountains of a fondly loved fatherland. Thousands of arms were stretched out to catch the last breath of the air that blew from it; thousands of lips called out cries of sorrow and farewell, and high up on the point of the Cape stood also, a crowd of persons, who, fortunately saved by the Commissaries and troops of the line from fire and death, answered the wail of the departing with their tears and lamentations. Heartrending cries were still heard, as the vessels sailed gradually off, echoed by the rocks of the Cape till the last sigh died away.

Suddenly the melancholy drama was interrupted by a wild rush of the blacks, who, as if there were nothing more to be plundered or slaughtered in the burning city, made a violent assault upon the arsenal. But they were received and put to flight by the grape-shot of their allies, the Commissaries and the garrison. When quiet was restored, the Deputies of France, with mulattoes and negro-chiefs at their side, marched in triumph over the ruins, and corpses, into the city. An ugly old negro, Pierrot, who commanded these hordes, was solemnly appointed a General of the Republic, the childish Macaya, his lieutenant, received the rank of a chief of battalion. What they had gained of booty, was resigned to them, and a decree of the delegates, proclaimed the thanks of the country, and full freedom to all the blacks who had fought, and were ready still to fight, against all foes of France, foreign and domestic. Then, in order to carry out the declared equality, the remains of the unfortunate and once proud white population of the Cape, were compelled to clear out the streets, and bury the dead. The blacks, well clad, armed, and fed, by the command of the Commissaries, looked with triumph upon the shame of their former masters. But soon famine and pestilence began to rage among the bloody ruins, driving away the living, and thus fell the rich Cape, whose inhabitants had often boasted that it contained more treasures than all France. Five hundred million of francs worth of property perished in one night, and more than half of the whole population were annihilated or driven away.

We cannot refrain from adding to this historical note another. The large fleet that left the Cape was tost upon the ocean, with its sick, wounded, and forsaken, some fourteen days before it caat anchor in the harbour of New-York. Galbaud and the military then surrendered to the naval officers, the command which they had violently assumed, and prayed them to keep the fleet for France, and to return thither. The greatest part of those who had taken part in the conflict, and who feared the vengeance of France, together with the unfortunate Creoles, landed on the hospitable shore of the United States, where they found safety and sympathy. The States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, New-York, the two Carolinas, and Massachusetts, contended for the honour of aiding them. Congress itself proposed a general subscription, and everywhere lands were granted them. Many of the French in the United States are the descendants of those poor refugees; others, years after, in apparently better times, returned to St. Domingo, but only to perish miserably, the majority went to the South, to the Arkansas, where countrymen of theirs had settled at an earlier period, and where a large proportion of the population are still French.

We return now to Vincent, who had taken a particularly active part in the conflict, appearing openly on the side of the Commissaries. Upon the appearance of the negroes, he acted as leader of the troops who took possession of the arsenal, and kept back the furious blacks. With increasing horror he heard the cry of death ascending from all the streets, and every poor wretch, whom at the peril of his life, he rescued from the hands and axes of the negroes, reminded him of Helen, and filled him with despair. At last, when the flames burst forth from all quarters, disregarding his duty as an officer, and giving over the command to another, he rushed into the street at the head of a company that followed him with fixed bayonets. A fortunate chance brought him in contact with Macaya, who was celebrating his own glorious deeds with shouts of triumph, and Vincent found little difficulty in securing his help and protection. Macaya had told the truth, when he boasted of his influence as superior to that of Pierrot himself, and it would have been by no means possible for the young officer to reach Charmilly's house, without at least cutting for himself a bloody path, if Macaya had not led on the small detachment. Through a whirlwind of smoke and fire they rushed, and the negroes gave way before them. The houses were on fire at both ends of the street, and a suffocating shower of flakes and cinders filled the hot air. Now and then the thick clouds of smoke which veiled the scene, in part, were dispersed by a gust of wind, and then Vincent's eye ran despairingly over the heaps of dying and slain. His hair stood on end whenever he caught sight of any figure that seemed to be the one he sought, and then he hastened on again with the agony and madness of one who expects every moment to be blasted by the sight of what he most feared, and who was hurried away by a constant interchange of hope and fear.

At last he gained the house. The doors were dashed in pieces, the windows torn out and shattered, and on the very threshold lay the corpse of a huge black porter, who had evidently fallen by the hands of his savage brethren, while defending his master's property. Vincent stumbled over the body of the man, who seemed in death to forbid his entrance as he had done in life, when he followed Charmilly's secret instructions. With breathless haste he ran up the stairs and through all the rooms that bore the marks of a ruthless plunder. When he reached the large saloon, he uttered a cry of horror first instantly gathered round him a part of his company. The wainscoting of the large room, with its rich gildings and mother-of-pearl work, had been hacked by barbarian hands, the chandeliers from Paris, and the large mirrors from Versailles, those costly luxuries of Creolian pride, on which the opulent gentlemen of St. Domingo expended many thousands of livres, were shivered in pieces by axes, which had been hurled about with such fury that some of them remained sticking fast in the walls.

And there lay pieces of glass and gilding in wild heaps with the fragments of silken couches and canopies, and the ruins of costly works of art, the pride of Charmilly, and the strings and keys of a beautiful piano, which the Baron had ordered only a little while before from Paris, to surprise Helen. But in the midst of this confusion lay the bodies of two negroes, who in death retained the fierce expression of their barbarism. In the clenched hand of one of them, appeared something white, which instantly arrested the attention of Vincent, who tore open the fingers and obtained possession of the booty, a glove, bloody and torn, but small and fine. It was Helen's, and a terrible train of thoughts rushed upon him. The black savage had seized her, and Jumecourt, Boulet, or Charmilly had shot the negro down. There had been a conflict, a fight without mercy, and she, the unhappy one, what had become of her. Brandishing his sword, and almost maddened by these thoughts, he rushed through the suite of rooms, calling her dear name. Marks of blood and violence were everywhere visible, but no answer came to his cries. He rushed out into the garden, whose walks were so well known to him. Breathless he reached the monument, and the spot, where, a few hours before, he had knelt in intense passion before the lovely girl. Here, too, the rage of plunder had been, and death had inspired no reverence. The angels, with their inverted torches, lay broken on the ground, the iron railing was torn away, the sarcophagus mutilated. Vincent hastened on, he clambered up the half ruined Chinese temple, and everywhere rang his voice, everywhere appeared traces of the negroes. From the top of the hill he cast a glance over the wall out upon the plain, which was covered with fugitives, seeking to save themselves. Here, too, raged death. Crowds of negroes were visible, battles were fought, the unarmed were slaughtered, and the desperate were defending themselves. Horses without riders ran madly towards the mountains. With increasing despair the young officer continued his search. Finding nothing, he ran back and heard his name loudly called.

"She is found," he shouted. "Where is she? Helen! my Helen!" Macaya stood in the court, in the midst of a fiery red cloud of smoke, holding fast upon a drunken negro.

"Oh, brother!" he cried, "this man was here when his friends burst into the house. Dead, all dead!"

The drunken negro laughed, and showed his white teeth like a grinning ape. "Witches," cried he, "bad spirits here. Shot black man dead, but the black man was strong, many brethren, and all had to die."

And the women," cried Vincent, "speak, were the women here, too?"

"All, all!" shouted the drunken man and swung his axe, "ran off, but black man caught them; all dead, all dead!

In a frenzy of pain, Vincent threw himself upon the wretch, and as he hurled him to the earth, he seized the African by the neck, around which was wound a fine silken 'kerchief. He pointed his sword at the negro's heart, and cried: "Where have you left her, you miscreant? Where is her body, her corpse, confess, or I'll kill you." But the next moment he drew back his hand, and tore off the kerchief. The colour and figure of the silk left him no doubt that it was Helen's. He recollected seeing it at their last meeting, and instantly, as into a bottomless abyss, fell the last remains of his hopes. Everything grew dark before his eyes, and then he slowly drew away his foot from the body of the negro, and heard, as if it came from a far distance, the voice of the prostrate man imploring mercy, and crying in the mournfullest tone: "White gentlemen ran away, black man sought them everywhere, by the holy God and St. Francis! Massa, I will tell you all, they ran up into the upper story,—were all killed there."

"Up! up!" cried Vincent. "I will see her, she lives, she must live!" and with wild haste he broke through the circle. But and old sergeant caught him by the arm, and pointed to the upper part of the house, from which, through the reddish smoke, flames were seen bursting forth. "Sir, said he, with the coolness of a veteran, "it is of no use to risk your life, it is impossible."

"Away!" exclaimed Vincent, struggling to get free, and giving the man a violent blow with the handle of his sword.

"No! a thousand times no!" shouted the sergeant, holding Vincent still more firmly. "My breast is tough, strike away! But a brave man shall not die like a madman, if I can help it."

The violence of the young officer was exhausted, as complete despair seized him, and he gave way beneath the crushing weight of his misery. He gazed at the flames, as they suddenly darted forth many yards beyond the smoke, and spread around an insupportable heat; then he laughed aloud, threw away his sword, smote his breast and his head, and sunk upon the shoulder of the old sergeant, groaning aloud in his agony. The veteran attempted no consolation, but led him away from the spot. At last they all reached the arsenal, and a few hours later, the young republican was issuing his orders with all his former composure. He had found strength, and when he looked up to the heavens, whose large, bright worlds now and then became visible through the smoke and fire, a tear rolled from his eye, and he stretched out his hand adjuringly. He swore eternal fidelity to Virtue, to his country, to a love not to be forgotten, and a wondrous stream of consolation flowed into his heart. Never before had he felt so elevated, so pure a consciousness of the dignity of his nature, never before was he so reconciled to life as at this moment when all around him its true worth was forgotten, and a brand was stamped upon humanity. He saw only a fearful judgment of Heaven, righteous, pre-ordained, from generation to generation, and all that concerned himself personally, made him meek and humble. He could, as it stands written in the Holy Writ, have fallen down and kissed the rod and the hand which tore from him what was dearest to him. He felt himself strong in renunciation, full of faith in a noble future for his race, a truer man!

(To be continued.)

From Lanman's Summer in the Wilderness.

SPIRIT LAKE.

This Lake, which the French have named Mill Lac, and certain ignorant Yankees, Rum Lake, was originally called by the Chippeways, Minsisagaigoming, which signifies the dwelling-place of the Mysterious Spirit. In form it is almost round, and about twenty miles across in the widest part. The shores are rather low, but covered with a luxuriant growth of oak, hard maple, and tamarack. It is shallow, but clear and cold; has a sandy bottom, and yields a variety of fish; and contains only three islands, which are small and rocky.

The Mysterious Spirit alluded to above has acquired a great notoriety on account of his frequently taking away into the spirit land certain people whom he loved.

A little boy was once lost on the margin of this lake. The only trace of him that ever could be discovered, was one of his arrows found lodge in a tree. And the Indians believe, too, that the aged mother of Hole-in-the day (the great chief) was also carried away by this Mysterious Spirit. One thing is certain, say they, she disappeared in the twinkling of an eye from the party with whom she was travelling many years ago. These are indeed idle legends, but give us an insight into the Indian mind.

The ruling chief of Spirit Lake, at the present time, is Naguanabic, or Outside Feather. A son of this old Indian, while hunting, once pursued a deer to a very great distance, which he finally captured. Out of revenge for the *improper* conduct of the animal, the cruel Indian tortured it in a variety of ways, and came home boasting of what he had done. At the feast usually given on such occasions, the old chief addressed his son in the following words: "We are thankful to the Great Spirit for furnishing us with food. But my son has acted very wrong in torturing that animal, and if the laws of the Great Spirit are not changed from what they were in times past, that boy shall not be privileged to kill another deer during the whole winter." And I was told that he did not, and that no cruel-hearted man ever can, under similar circumstances.

It was from the lips of this aged Indian that I obtained the following legend:

"A thousand winters ago, the Great Spirit caused the sun to be fastened in the heavens, for the purpose of destroying the world on account of an enormous sin which had been committed. The men of that time assembled together in council, but could devise no means to avert the calamity. The animals of the earth also held a council, and they were about to give up all hopes of a release, when a small animal stept forth and avowed its intention of gnawing off the string that held the sun. He entered the earth, and after travelling a long time, finally reached the desired planet and accomplished his purpose. The heat of the sun, however, was so great, that the sight of the heroic little animal was impaired, and it returned to the earth—a poor blind mole."

From the British Friend.

GEORGE FOX'S DEATH, &c.

DEAR FRIENDS: When I read the copy of the marriage certificate of George Fox, which appeared in your paper some months ago, I pleased myself with the thought that I would send you the interesting account of his burial; which gave information of the names of the different Friends who were engaged in ministry and supplication in the meeting, and also at the grave-side; as also the manner in which Friends walked in the streets of London, to the grave-yard. It formed one of several MSS. which I copied many years ago; but though I have examined minutely all in my possession, have failed to find the one referred to. Enclosed is a letter of William Penn, giving Margaret Fox some account of her husband's decease. It bears the date of London, 13th of 11th month, 1690.—Your friend,

VIGIL.

Lond. 13. 11mo 90

DEAR M. FOX:—With the dear remembrance of my unfeigned love in Xt Jesus I am to be the teller of sorrowful tydings as I may call it in some sense, wch is this, that thy dear husband & my beloved & dear Frd. G. Fox, has finisht his glorious testimony this night; about half an hour after nine, being sensible to the last breath. O he is gone & has left us in the storm yt is over our heads; surely in great mercy to him but as an evidence to us of sorrows to come. he was as liveing & firm 4th day last was a week at Gracechurch Street, & this last first day, being ye day before yesterday, but complained after meeting of being inwardly struck. & lay ever since at H Gold's where he departed. my soul is deeply affected with this hasty great loss, surely it portends to us great evills to come, a prince indeed is fallen in Isral to day. I cannot enlarge, for I shall write to severall to night & it is late. ye Lord be with thee & thine & us al amen.

I am thy faithful & affect. Friend
WM PENN.

Present R barrow
J Taylor, J. Vaughton
J Tich• J Butcher from Waldingfield
& myself. G. W. & S. Cr were here about two hours since. he dyed as he lived, a lamb, minding the things of God & his church to ye last in an universall spirit.

ANECDOTE.—It is related of Rev. Mr. Howe, late of Hopkinton, Mass. that (his people were at the time discussing the subject of a new meeting-house,) one day while he was preaching, observing his congregation in rather a lethargic state, he stopped in the middle of his sermon, and casting his eyes around, remarked that we were talking about erecting a new meeting-house, but he did not know as it was worth while, as the timbers looked in pretty good condition, and he was sure the *sleepers* were *sound.—Christian Watchman.*

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—Flacourt in his "History of Madagascar," gives the following sublime prayer, said to be used by the people we call savages:—

"O, Eternal, have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite, because I am weak. O, Sovereign of Life, because I am poor. O, All-Sufficient, because I am nothing."

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

THE EMPEROR AND THE GOLD FISH.—(From a Correspondent.)—Some time ago Baron von Hugel, the well known traveller, prepared a splendid flower exhibition in his villa at Hitzing. The Kaiser of Austria, as the protector of all and everything, was the first to view it. He enters: but his attention is more attracted by the small gold fish which were disporting in a basin under the flowers, than by all the exotic wonder-plants. The Kaiser wishes to play with them. He therefore plucks off some of the most beautiful flowers, as they came within his reach, and throws them into the basin. It amuses him quite imperially, that the fish continually snap at the flowers. The fish most likely did not know the history of 1815 and took the princely promises for as many realities. The Baron von Hugel sees with painful emotion how his rarest plants are destroyed, and anxiously hopes to see the end of such an amusement—but in vain: the Kaiser continues the destruction of the flowers. It is in vain they draw his attention towards a beautiful Camelia, or to an equally beautiful Azelia: he only smiles, and continues plucking off the flowers from the Camelia and the Azelia, and throwing them to the fish. The Baron, in despair, sends for two loaves of bread, which are presented to the Kaiser, with the remark, that most probably the fish would prefer bread to flowers. The Kaiser smiles, gives thanks for the gift, receives the loaves, and—eats them with avidity! After which he returns to the destruction of the flowers.

It is a sign of the times, and no common one, that the Pope—"that Pagan, full of pride"—and the Sultan, are among the most enlightened of living potentates. Both honest reformers, both—the mouth-piece of the scarlet abomination, and the successor of Mahmoud—hampered chiefly in their measures of amelioration by abuses so long continued that they are strongly rooted, and considered venerable; strongly rooted, like heath and thistles in certain soils which yet, by determined and continued efforts, may be eradicated, "the thistly curse repealed," and wholesome grain substituted.

ENGLISH AUTHORS. — AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS.—Leigh Hunt, (whose quill was surely plucked from an eagle, and, like the parent bird, ever and anon renews its youth,) in his delightful *Streets of London*, in the *Atlas*, has a pleasant remoastrance with American Booksellers on their use and abuse of English authors. Mr. Hunt is in Waterloo Place, and his talk is of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, the American dealers:—

An English man of letters certainly passes the doors of American booksellers in London with very singular feelings. He knows they will snatch hold of his book the moment it is published, sell thousands of copies of it on the other side of the Atlantic without giving him the benefit of a stiver, and perhaps have the pleasure of seeing him go by their London windows in the rain, while they are flourishing in a big house over his head. We suppose it is all right, and proper, and consistent, and free-born, and independent, and respectable, and slaveholding, and lovely, and going-a-head. It is certainly going another man's head, though with a considerable quantity of their own face beneath it. Yet, after all, "how they can do it," as the man said when he saw the New Zealand young gentleman eating their benefactor, is to us inconceivable.

After all, this American practice of stealing a book from the author is only an ingenious extension of the principle of stealing a man from himself. An English writer is treated by America as America treats her negroes: he is turned into ready money for the benefit of the smart dealer who robs him. His brains are taken to market, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

A few days ago a person went into the shop of Mr. Burt, Newcastle Street, Strand, and offered some books for sale, which were purchased. On opening one of them, for which 3s. had been given, it was found that there was some hand-writing, to which the signature of Washington was attached. On making a further examination a document was discovered relating to a treaty that had been entered into between France and America, with the signatures of Washington and of the diplomatic persons on the part of France, engaged in the affair; and there was also a letter written by that eminent General, which referred to a battle that had taken place between the American and British forces. The manuscripts have been seen by judges acquainted with the handwriting of Washington, and it is stated that they were presented to the American Minister, who offered 20l. for the various documents, which sum was refused.

AN ENEMY TO THE BLACK RACE.—On Monday